

Chloe Galt
**VALENTINE
NUMBER**

Life

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"LOOKS LIKE I BIN HEAH BEFO"

Willys
KNIGHT

SLEEVE-VALVE MOTOR

Coupe
\$1500
MODEL 84-B. F.O.B. TOLEDO



QUIET when new, it grows more and more quiet with use until it reaches the point almost of absolute silence.

Smartness of appearance is accentuated by smartness of performance.

As its sleeve-valve motor "works in," carbon deposits serve only to increase its smoothness, power and efficiency.

And this many-phased improvement with use will continue miles

after any other type of motor would have outrun its pleasurable usefulness.

You will be well repaid if you give the Overland dealer an opportunity to show and demonstrate the Willys-Knight Cars.

In addition to the Coupe, there is the Roadster at \$1095, the Touring Car at \$1125 and the Limousine at \$1750—all prices f. o. b. Toledo.



"Made in U. S. A."

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



The Hovering Peril

Danger is ever waiting—lurking—watching for its victims—

—every day, every hour—yes, every minute—he somewhere collects his ghastly toll.

—he follows the gliding ship across the sea—the speeding train upon the rails—the auto spinning along the quiet country road or darting through the crowded city streets.

Wherever man may be—*there, too, ever is Danger, or "The Hovering Peril"*. Yet some men laugh at peril—they do not seek to avoid danger—and they have no fear because they have no prudence.

Strange, is it not, that they imagine folly is bravery—that they do not distinguish between cowardice and caution—and when disaster comes as the punishment of their imprudence, they, with blind superstition, believe that it was "fate".

They do not see "The Hovering Peril"—yet it is no phantom—*it is a reality!*



Sold for ALL Tires by Dealers Everywhere

American Chain Company Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains

Manufactured for Canada by Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

Men who have reasoning brains take precaution to avoid danger—not through any cowardly fear—but because they know that "The Hovering Peril" ever threatens their safety.

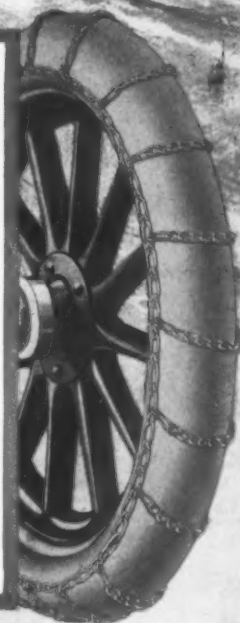
—it ever threatens you!

You who motor over muddy roads and wet, slippery pavements with Foolish Dependence Upon Bare Rubber Alone—when a false turn—a sudden meeting at a corner—a slip—or a skid!

May mean your instant death!

You who are now so full of life—of ambition and the joy of living—may then pay the supreme penalty of your carelessness.

Why not take precaution *now*? You *know* the folly—the danger—the peril there is in driving a car over slippery roads and pavements without Weed Chains. You *know* that *Weed Anti-Skid Chains make skidding Utterly Impossible*—then why don't you get them today?





The Get-Ready
Number of

Life

Next Week

Are You Prepared

To obey that patriotic impulse and become a regular subscriber to this patriotic paper? Or do you prefer to take the chance at any moment of having your undefended mental sea-coast invaded by an army of 200,000 barbarian thoughts?

Have you a large, luxurious, valuable brain, that may be taken unaware over night by the hosts

of Care, Worry and Melancholy? If

so, consider our alluring proposition

contained in the commercial-

looking coupon opposite,

and obtain LIFE for

at least three

months, any-

way.

Special Offer

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

21

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



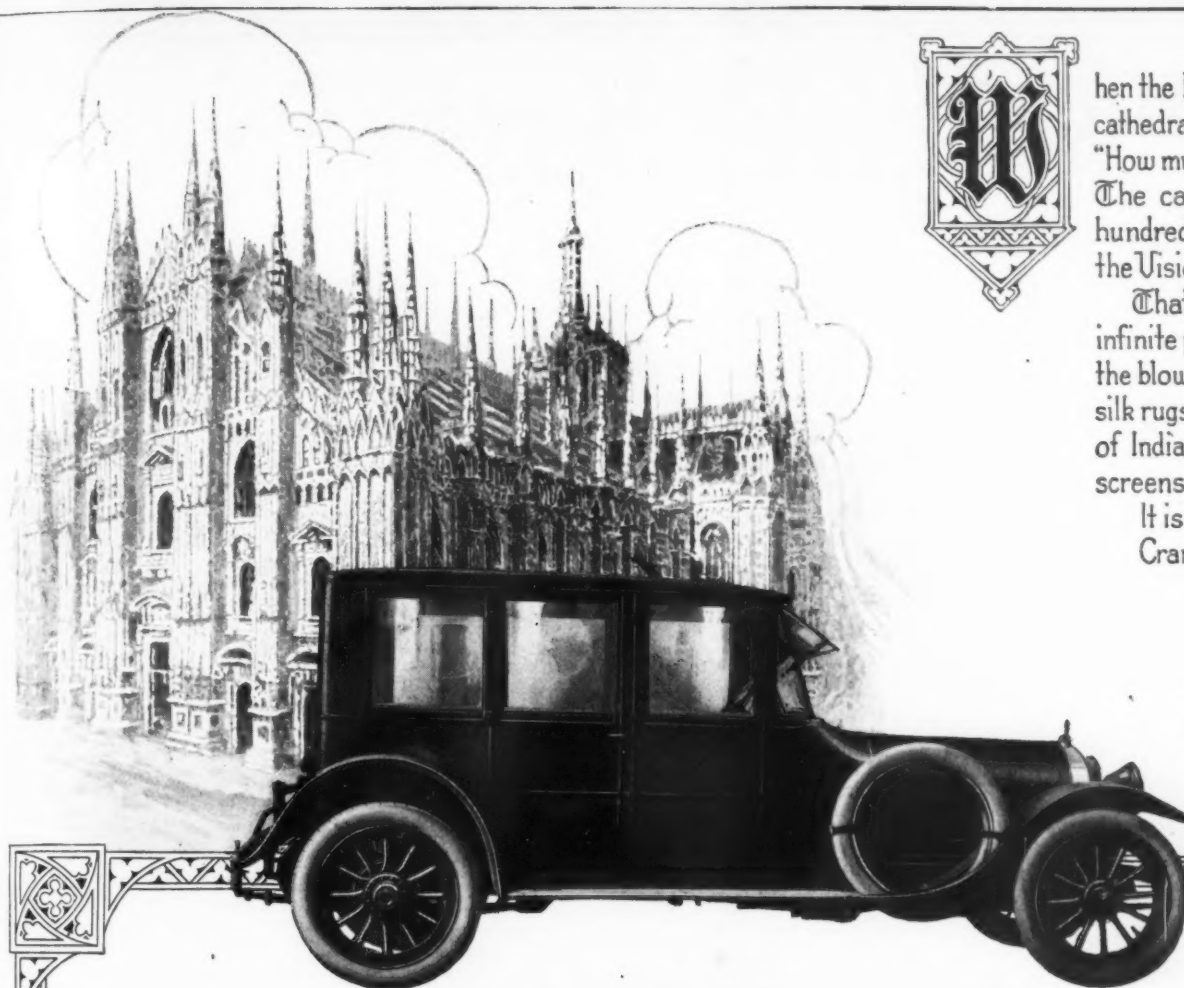


hen the Milanese began their cathedral in 1386, no one asked, "How much for the money?" The cathedral was four hundred years building; but the Vision was achieved!

That willingness to take infinite pains is what made the blown glass of Venice, the silk rugs of Persia, the shawls of India, the embroidered screens of Japan.

It is what makes the Crane Model Simplex.

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."
—Herodotus.



SIMPLEX

CRANE Model Simplex Cars are not merely manufactured. Mature engineering knowledge—studied refinement of design—the best materials—the most accurate tools—to all these there is added a wealth of slow and patient finishing, the loving toil of skilled craftsmanship making each detail perfect, comparable to nothing in American automobile construction.

The result is a new measure of silence, sweetness, easy riding and instant control; an indescribable sense of confidence in the car, and of freedom in its marvellous reserve force. To ride in the Crane Model Simplex is to discard all your former ideals of motoring luxury.

Chassis, \$5,000. Body priced according to cost.

SIMPLEX AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Inc.
New Brunswick, N. J.

"Genius—the infinite capacity for taking pains."

Six cylinders; one hundred horse-power. Crane patented spring suspension. Direct drive on fourth. Every chassis given 500-mile road test. Each body built specially for the buyer, like the furnishings of the home.

Every Crane Model Simplex is guaranteed for life while it remains in the hands of the original purchaser.



New - York Life Insurance Co.,

346 & 348 Broadway, New York City

To the Policy-holders and Public:

One year ago I stated that the European war would not have any material effect on our Company, notwithstanding the world-wide character of its business. I now confirm that statement by facts based on experience that includes twelve added months of war.

In life insurance the financial effect of mortality is expressed by the per cent. which the total actual death losses of the year bear to the expected death losses according to the tables of mortality adopted by the state for valuation purposes. Through a period of years this per cent. (disregarding fractions) has been as follows:—

1912 Actual death losses	76% of the "expected"	
1913 Actual death losses	73% of the "expected"	
1914 Actual death losses	73% of the "expected"	(5 months of war)
1915 Actual death losses	73% of the "expected"	(12 months of war)

In all the world, from the beginning of hostilities up to January, 1916, seventeen months, we had in all the membership of the Company 534 separate war claims.

During the year 1915:—

409 members of the Company	were killed in war
448 members of the Company	were killed by accident
707 members of the Company	died of cancer
772 members of the Company	died of pneumonia
950 members of the Company	died of tuberculosis.

A modern war cannot be localized. Electricity, steam and the partial conquest of the air, have made the world so small that any great international upheaval shocks the whole of civilization. War under such conditions takes its toll impartially, and in these days the nation which is an "innocent bystander" suffers proportionately with the belligerents. This Company had, in seventeen months, war losses from seventeen countries, and what may be called AMERICAN LOSSES exceed those of any belligerent country except in two instances:

United States (including Lusitania losses).....	\$112,000
Australia.....	29,000
Austria-Hungary.....	105,500
Belgium.....	23,000
Canada.....	49,000
Great Britain.....	84,000
Russia.....	76,000

Only in France and Germany have the totals exceeded those of our own country.

Life insurance isn't designed merely for times of peace. It would confess its inability highly to serve humanity if it did not measurably cover all the risk naturally incurred by healthy men.

DURING THE YEAR 1915 NO POLICY-HOLDER OR BENEFICIARY, WHEREVER RESIDENT, WAS DENIED A REASONABLY PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF ANY JUST CLAIM. WE HAVE IGNORED AND STILL IGNORE ALL MORATORIA, ALTHOUGH THESE REGULATIONS ARE INVOKED AGAINST US IN SOME PLACES.

In New Business we have made good the natural shrinkage on an outstanding business of \$2,347,000,000 at the close of 1914, and increased the total amount to \$2,403,000,000 at the close of 1915. Of the \$214,000,000 new business paid for in 1915 over \$200,000,000 was secured in the United States and Canada.

NO BOND ISSUED BY ANY BELLIGERENT COUNTRY AND HELD BY US WAS IN DEFAULT OF PRINCIPAL OR OF INTEREST AT THE CLOSE OF 1915.

THE INVESTMENTS OF THE YEAR (OUTSIDE OF LOANS ON POLICIES AND REAL ESTATE ACQUIRED THROUGH FORECLOSURE) WERE \$36,696,191.59 INVESTED TO PAY 5.13%

Assets (market values) Dec. 31, 1915.....	\$822,917,849.85
Legal Liabilities, Dec. 31, 1915.....	699,353,383.57
Reserved (market values) for Dividends and Contingencies, Dec. 31, 1915.....	123,564,466.28
Income 1915.....	131,525,014.75
Paid Policy-holders in 1915.....	75,921,160.24

January 13, 1916.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President.

LOVE



The Painted Garden

"THE flowers in Love's Garden,
They grow so very tall;
I cannot guess the reason,
Or who can plant them all."—
They're planted by quick glances
Of careless give-and-take;
They grow so tall because the soil
Is made of hearts that break.

"The flowers in Love's Garden,
They grow so wondrous bright.
Each rose is red by ev'ning
That bloomed at morning white:
Tell me the pretty secret."—
Each gently perfumed bud
Is pressed against our bosoms
And painted with our blood.

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

"The flowers in Love's Garden,
They grow so thick and fast
That Tuesday's ten are blooming
Ere Sunday's five have passed:
Does this go on forever?"—
Through all the million years:
Love turns the loam with laughter,
We water it with tears.



"SHE COULD HAVE MARRIED ALMOST ANYBODY."
"WELL, SHE DID. DIDN'T SHE?"

Valentine

SPRING seems so far from me,
And yet, and yet,
Within your eyes I see
The violet!

Then Spring seems near, so near,
And I rejoice,
For in your voice I hear
The vernal voice!

So my rapt visioning
At last comes true,
For all my dreams of Spring
Are you—are you!

Clinton Scollard.

Knowledge and Impulse

GREAT acquirements of knowledge
(except in the case of T. R.)
make for hesitation in action.

That is where our good Henry Ford has an advantage. He does not know enough to hinder him from doing anything that he thinks of. It is much the same with Helen Keller and her unqualified social and political assertions. She knows enough to make them, but not enough to qualify them. She lives in an imagined world, and so, considerably, does Henry.

There is a charm of other-worldliness about both of them. We get so tired of the blunders of the know-it-alls that the extravagances of Helen and Henry are soothing to us. Neither of them has worldly wisdom enough to balk at anything that looks like the leading of the spirit.

Theodore has some of the same sort of charm. If a thing looks good to him he does it. He hates to let an impulse die unacted, especially if it is a gallant impulse. We ought all to be like that, because gallant impulses are precious, but most of us get broken of acting on them because the world is so full of hard or stupid objects that one hits whenever he skips the beaten path. We get cowed into discretion. It is nasty; the main justification of it being that persons actuated by gallant impulses are apt to collide not only with dolts and posts, but (very much) with one another, whereas, even on the beaten path, you get somewhere if you keep moving.

E. S. M.



"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE"

Uninteresting People

MRS. J. TERWILLINGER TARPON lives in the suburbs, and is one of the trustees of the Twirling Brook Hospital. She is forty-eight, but conceals her age very well by spending about twenty-five hundred a year on her personal architecture, which is a mixture of the old Colonial and modern Renaissance. She also belongs to the choir guild, the civic association (which she never attends), and was once mentioned favorably for president of the woman's club. She has several children, some of them having gone through college, and as a medium for advertising their virtues she has no equal. She also gives dinners, and has an enclosed car for winter use. She is known to fame as the author of the celebrated lines, "I did not raise my husband to be a highbrow."

The Silver Fox Speaks

BEAUTIFUL!

You call it beautiful, that lifeless thing about your shoulders! Oh, woman, dull to cruelty, it is but pitiful!

That shimmering, silvery thing, so like a fog beneath the morning sun; that downy fur, more soft than spring's

first meadow grass; those dangling claws you toy with; that head inanimate you lay your cheek against—what are they but a glorious creature's glad to-morrows destroyed for your barren, vain to-days.

Pitiful—only pitiful, like trampled daisies, like crippled children, like blighted orchards.

You bend above your slumbering babe, that thing about your throat, and you do not hear the orphaned cry of young wild things. You harken to the words, "Thou shalt not kill," and smile assent, the while your hands sink deep into the pelt of that defenseless, murdered thing.

Beautiful!

Ah, once, how beautiful!

Once living, pulsing, dashing, free; a thing as fleet as wind, as light as air, as silent-moving as a shadow. Once a creature knowing, as few men know, the joy of the long trail, the mad exhilaration of moonlit heights and star-filled distances, the calm of endless, shadowed depths of fir and pine, the joy of leaping over fallen logs, the smell of riotous, fertile earth in spring. Once a creature quivering with the sacred, inner call of mate to mate. Once a mother—

Then, a trapper's hole, wild pains, vain struggles, and black night.

And now—dangling claws and head inanimate twined round a woman's throat.

Beautiful?

Pitiful!

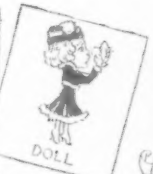
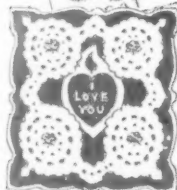
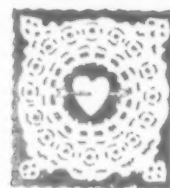
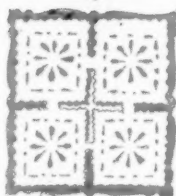
Eleanor Wentworth.

Yale's Gainful Losses

COINCIDENT with Yale's fall-off from athletic supremacy has come a steady increase in her numbers, until this year her dormitories can't hold her students and there is discussion about splitting her up into three colleges.

Very much so it was with Harvard, which suffered at the same time from the embarrassments of overgrowth and athletic defeat.

There must be something wrong with our system of education that makes parents seem to prefer athletic losers. Or perhaps it is that more people than you would think have discerned that it is more instructive to be licked than to win.



DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALENTINES

Zion for the Zionists?

MR. BRANDEIS is a Zionist.

In an article in the *Outlook* (January 5th) he tells about the Zionist movement, expounding its aims and telling what it has accomplished in putting Jewish settlers into Palestine and helping them to develop that country.

He likens these Jewish pioneers to the Pilgrim fathers. Zionism, he says, is not a movement to transport all Jews to Palestine, nor to get the sovereignty of Palestine away from the Turks. It is "a movement to give the Jews a home in the land of their fathers, where the Jewish life may be lived normally and naturally, and where the Jews may, in time, hope to constitute a majority of the population and look forward to what we have come to call home rule."

There are fourteen million Jews in the world, and Palestine would only hold about a fifth of them, but it would hold enough to give the world an exhibition of what Jews can do when they have no one to live on but Jews, and have a fair chance to live their own lives and shape their own government.

Following Mr. Brandeis in the *Outlook* comes Rabbi Schulman, combating Zionism, and saying that the soul that animates it is nationalism. He objects to nationalism. He says Judaism is a religion, not a nationality. He does not wish the Jews to have nationality. He objects to the creation of a new nationality within the American people. "America," he says, "is not organized on the basis of race, but on great moral ideas. Therefore American nationality has no room within itself for the cultivation of an alien national consciousness on the part of any group." He finds Zionism to be racial, not religious. Many of its leaders have no affiliation with the synagogue. Jewish religion, he says, does not appeal to them. Their movement is new and secular, and by cultivating Jewish nationality would fetch another hyphen into American life.

The *Outlook* briefly gives judgment for Dr. Schulman, accepting his contention that it is religion that constitutes the Jew, and professing to "see no more reason why a political organ-

ism or nation should be based on Judaism than on Mohammedanism, Russo-Grecian Catholicism, Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism or Congregationalism."

It is a very pretty dispute, and the *Outlook's* judgment does not settle it. For our part, our sympathies go out to Mr. Brandeis. The American Irish have a strong sense of race and religion and a strong interest in home. Both are natural, both respected, though at times they inconvenience by-standers. The Irish want for Ireland very much what Mr. Brandeis says the Zionists want for Jews in Palestine, not sovereignty, but home rule. Surely it will not be thought unmannerly or inhospitable to hope that when the Irish get home rule it will be in Ireland rather than in Massachusetts, and that when the Jews get it it will be in Palestine rather than in New York.

But they ought to have it somewhere. A race as remarkable and as historical as the Jews or the Irish ought to have a stamping-ground somewhere where they can have a fair chance to show what governmental and social capacity is in them. The racial heart should have a home. Ireland could no more hold the Irish than Palestine could hold the Jews, but it might hold the Irish heart, and doubtless Irish treasure would flow there as Jewish treasure would to Palestine.

With a resting-place provided for the Jewish heart and for the Irish heart, hyphenism would be not increased but diminished in this country. With a deep sentiment satisfied, there would be by

so much the less incentive either to Hibernize or to Judaize the United States. For the same reason it is probably desirable to keep up Germany and England. If the traditions and habits and laws and religions of this country have got to be pared down and modified to suit the prejudices of representatives of all the nations of the earth, our Uncle Samuel will come out at the little end of the horn. All vigor of nationality will have been subtracted from him to make him docile, and some dark night bears will come out of the woods and eat him.

It is better that he should be something definite and virile, better for him, his folks and the stranger within his gates. He should be hospitable, considerate, liberal, compassionate, but it is not desirable that he should lose his backbone and become a pulp. But he will if he politely abandons all definite conceptions of life and aspires to be what-you-want to all comers.

Nationality is troublesome, but indispensable. It is liable to go crazy and run amuck. It is raising horrible hob in this world at this moment. But it is going to last till the millennium comes, and if it doesn't last the millennium won't come. Even Americans of the United States have got to have it.

E. S. M.

A Toss Up

CRAWFORD: If you go to war you're likely to be killed.

CRABSHAW: While if you remain a neutral you'll probably be torpedoed.



NO, THIS IS NOT THE FAMILIAR DIAGRAM SHOWING THE RELATIVE SIZES OF THE VARIOUS NAVIES OF THE WORLD. IT IS A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF THE HYPHENS BELONGING TO CERTAIN FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES



"FOR THE GOOD OF THE COMMUNITY"

Dilemma

HUSBAND: Why don't you put your mind on it and get a good cook?

WIFE (sweetly): I don't think I know how. I don't seem to have any faculty in selecting people to live with.

A Condition

POST: What qualifications do you think a clergyman should have?

PARKER: Well, I agree with a few of our older members that, for one thing, he ought to be a Christian.

Ennui

WHEN you and I together were,
And all the world was young,
We did not heed the little flowers
Our feet were lost among.

We did not need the little birds
That help to make the Spring,
Besides our love and our two selves
We asked not anything.

But now we search all life's bazars
Where costly wares are sold,
And buy and buy and find not joy,
For all the world is old.

D. E. P. Harding.

Ring Around A-Rosy

FIRST HYPHEN: Ho! ho! Dot man Wilson he makes a big fuss by der Kaiser, und ven der shmoke clears away der *unterseebootes* all belong mit Austria!

SECOND HYPHEN: Yah; und now he chumps on Austria, und ve hear dot Turkey owns der whole flotilla!

"Chure! Und ven t'ings gets too hot by Turkey ve joost hand der boats along to Bulgaria."

"Und by dot time der war iss over; if not, our goot friend der King of Abyssinia should gordinue der vork."



PORTRAITS OF WELL-KNOWN MEN
JOHN DOUGH



THE FLIRT
"WHO LAUGHS LAST LAUGHS BEST"

Beware!

LITTLE Influenza's come to our house to stay,
To smash our plans to smithereens and take
our nerve away,
And make us freeze and ache and burn, and
cough and sneeze and weep,
And incapacitate us all to earn our board and
keep.
And evenings after supper when we all feel mean,
We sit around the register and take phenacetin
And all the other remedies the neighbors tell
about,
For the Pneumococcus'll get you if you

don't
watch
out!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

The Coming of the Millennium

AND so at last the Millennium arrived. Although it had sent a telegram stating the hour of its arrival, the telegram had somehow got mislaid, and consequently there was nobody at the station to meet it. But a Millennium is nothing daunted by a little thing of that sort. Alone, but blithe of heart and earnest of spirit, it made its way to the nearest newspaper office.

The office boy at the outer portal of the editorial sanctum took the Millennium's card in to the editor. After an interval sufficiently long to preserve the proper atmosphere of impressiveness the office boy returned and said that the editor was in a conference, but that one of the reporters would be glad to talk to the Millennium a little later if the Millennium cared to wait.

"I have never been in a hurry yet," replied the Millennium, jocularly, "and I don't know why I should begin now."

Finally a reporter appeared and looked at the Millennium sceptically.

"But how am I to know that you are really the Millennium?" inquired the reporter after a few preliminary questions.

"Here are my credentials," replied the other. "I think they will bear inspection."

The reporter examined the credentials carefully and found them in perfect form.

"Yes," said he, "these seem to be all right. I guess you're the real thing sure enough. You don't mind my asking, do you?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

"You see, we have to be very careful in a case of this sort. We have been troubled with a great many bogus Millenniums. If you'll excuse me a moment I'd like to talk it over with the chief."

The reporter retired, and in a few minutes the office boy was told to bring the Millennium to the editor's private office.

"I am very glad to meet you," said the editor, rising and cordially extending his hand as the Millennium entered. "It is very nice to have you with us, very nice indeed. We have been looking forward to your coming for a long time; yes, a very long time, but—"

The editor hesitated.

"Speak right out freely," urged the Millennium. "I have no feelings."

"Well, it's this way," resumed the editor cautiously. "The fact is, you couldn't have chosen a worse time to come. Ordinarily I would have given you half of the front page. If you had reached here a year or so ago, for instance, when business was bad and everything had gone to pot, we would have been delighted to make a big feature of you. But you know everything's going so beautifully now it would be a pity to disturb things. Business and capital are exceedingly timid. You understand that, don't you?"

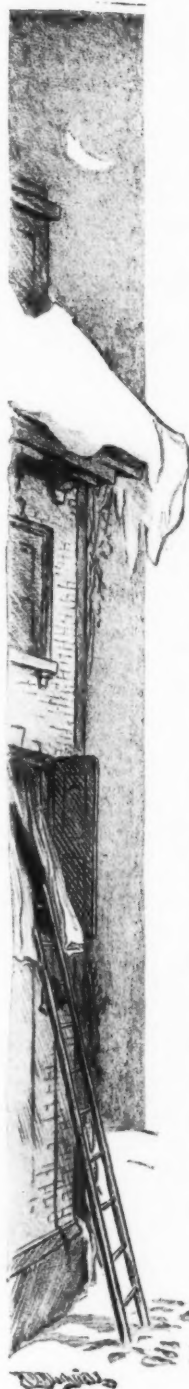
"I have heard it said before; but aren't you going to say anything at all about my arrival?"

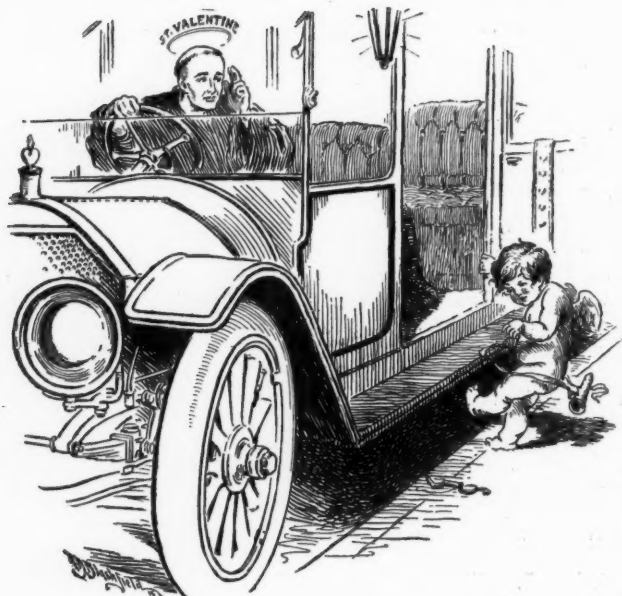
"Oh, yes; we'll give it a half a stick or so on an inside page. That's the very best we can do just now; but if you ever happen to be around this way again don't fail to drop in. Glad to see you any time."

Peacemakers

THE suggested Peace Commissioners of the Ford party are Mr. Ford, Mr. Bryan and Miss Jane Addams.

Miss Addams is the best, but they would not do. To want peace seems to be a disqualification for a peace commissioner. They must be arbitrators and dispensers of justice, of whose labors peace may come as a by-product.





At the end of a "perfect day": "HOME, JAMESH!"

Forlorn Hopes

THE *Sun* seems to be warming up a little, preparatory to the Presidential hoss-race that begins next June. It went around the ring on January 11th, to the extent of two columns, leaded, on "The Repudiated Pledge"—said pledge being what was put into the Democratic platform at Baltimore about a single Presidential term.

Anything to help the good *Sun's* wind, and get the stiffness out of its venerable legs, but two columns seems a lot of space for such a subject, except in the *Tribune*.

The "Repudiated Pledge" isn't going to cut any ice. The "pledge," such as it was, was a mere butterfly net, foolishly devised to entangle a candidate who was not to be held by anything short of a bear-trap. It was a fake. No one has ever taken it seriously, and no one has attempted to use it in the business of politics, except entities like the *San Francisco Argonaut*, and now the *Sun*, who were deeply conscious of the advantage of beating Mr. Wilson, and desperately at loss to know how to go about it.

If Mr. Wilson is beaten, either for nomination or reelection, it will have to be on his record as President. To trot out this ghastly "pledge" is a compliment to the Wilson record, and argues that the hope to beat him on it is forlorn.

Visualized

TEACHER: Describe the navy.

PUPIL: A small body of ironclads, almost entirely surrounded by grape juice.

Unreported Birthbed Utterances of the Great

JULIUS CÆSAR: I don't look forward to that final scene in the Senate with much joy, but I'll make a name beforehand for myself, anyway.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE: I see my finish—a term on the island, without bail, for attempted world conquering.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Glad I'm born in a country town. This, if anything, ought to help the back-to-the-farm movement; and when the big cities come they'll need it.

PLATO: Think of holding me responsible for all those deadly philosophers who are coming after me!

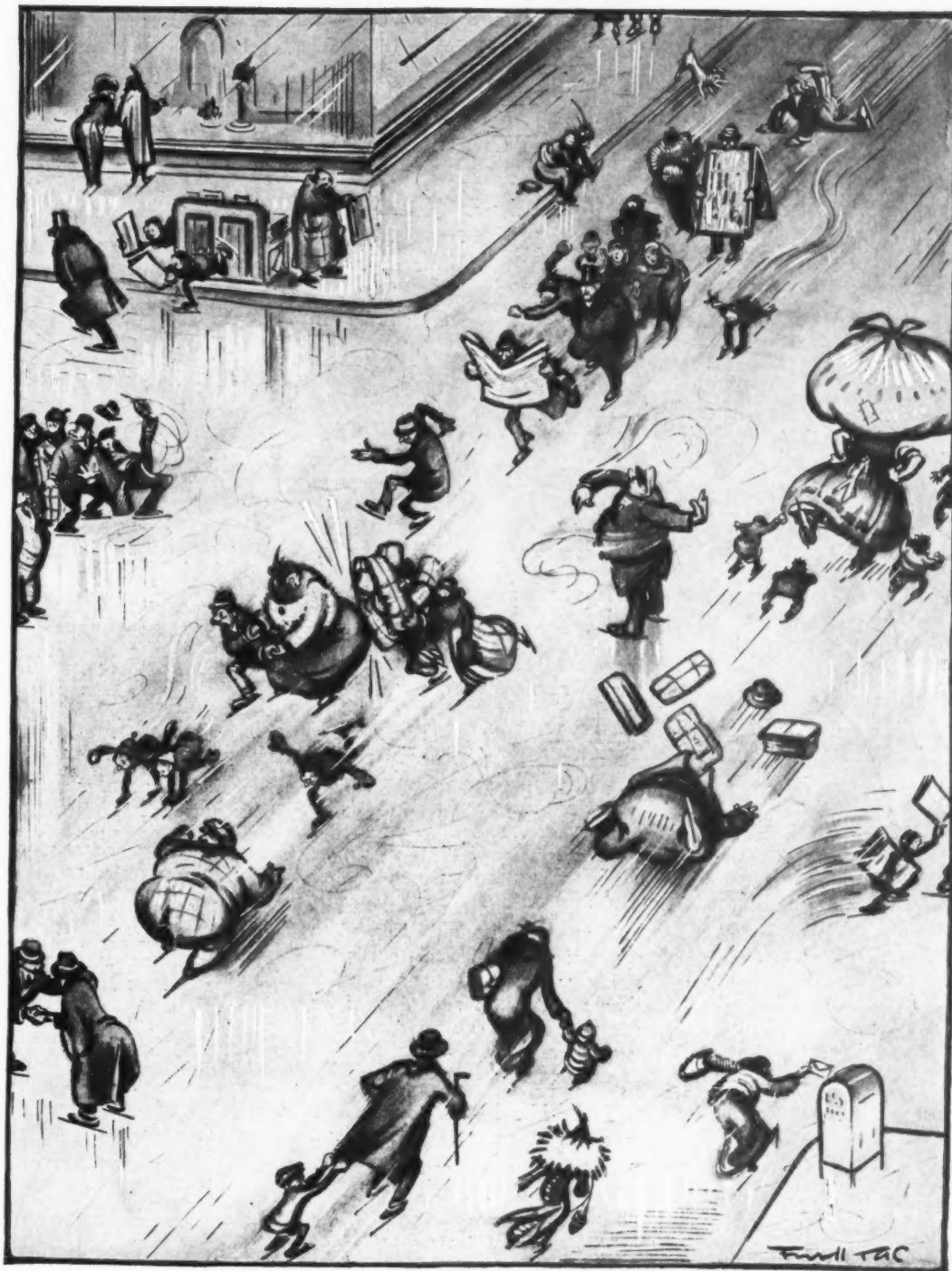
CLEOPATRA: It shall be my sole mission in life to prove that love is greater than politics.

EVE: Well, here goes! I regard it as a sacred duty to the rest of my sex to start those Fifth Avenue styles.

BENEDICT ARNOLD: Here's to my able successor, Herr Hearst!



Storekeeper: THERE'S THE SNOWBALL. NOW ALL YE GOT TO DO IS FIND THE KID THAT FITS THEM FINGER PRINTS



IF THE SKATING CRAZE GETS ANY WORSE



THE LIFE OF ATTILA THE SECOND. CHAPTER IV
HE REPUDIATES ALL WHO PRESUME TO ADVISE HIM—INCLUDING HIS MOTHER

Conference

THE conference is a collection of human beings of almost super-human unintelligence, gathered together for the purpose of passing a series of resolutions based upon their combined ignorance of a particular subject.

As a general rule, every conference faces a crisis. Also, every conference feels the sublime necessity of educating the masses. The masses, however, are so used to being educated by conferences that they don't mind it any more; they go about just as if nothing important was happening.

Every conference has a main bore, an auxiliary bore, and other bores, stationed at strategic points. When some-

body ventures an original idea, which might, if carefully thought out in the seclusion of a closet, have some effect upon something, it is the duty of the main bore to head it off. He invariably succeeds.

The Sad Truth

JIMMIE WILLIS: What are you going to be when you grow up?

TOMMY GILLIS: An American bandit in Mexico.

"But ain't that dangerous?"

"Naw. Neither side can shoot you for fear of causing international complications."



"THERE'S THE FIVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE, MISTER. WHY DON'T YE QUIT?"



"VAT IST DER PASSWORD?"

"VATERLAND."

"GUTE! GO ASS FAR ASS YOU LIKE."

A Valentine

O H, Valentine, sweet Valentine,
The idol of my dreams,
The brilliant star that brightly shines,
With pure and dazzling gleams,
Accept this humble heart of mine
As meek as any dove;
Just let me be your Valentine
And serve you, dear, with love.

Harold and His Pa

"SAY, father, what is it that we are afraid of?" said Harold, looking up from his *Current Events* paper.

Harold's mother had gone out a few moments before, yet his father, possibly by long habit, first glanced at the door as he replied:

"Never use that word fear in my presence, boy. We are afraid of nothing."

"But, father, any foreign nation could come over and land troops and invade us and kill everybody and burn up New York and make us all slaves; and this could all be done in seventeen hours. That's what General—"

"One moment, Harold. Let us be calm. There is a measure of truth in what you say, but we must not lose our sense of proportion. We must think scientifically. It is fortunate for both of us, but particularly for you, Harold, that your father is a scientific thinker—accustomed by long training and experience to arrive at absolutely logical conclusions. Listen carefully, therefore, that I may forever set your young mind at rest on this vital question of our country's preparedness."

Harold's delight at this statement could scarcely be controlled.

"Oh, father!" he exclaimed, "I don't know how I should get on so well at school if it were not for your wonderful knowledge. When are the Germans coming? and can we get ready in time? and why haven't we an army and navy? and—"

"Control yourself, Harold, and I will explain. Give me your entire attention, because this is a question that lies at the root of our country's grand democracy. By it, as Abraham Lincoln or Shakespeare said, we shall rise or fall. Are you ready?"

"I am, father."

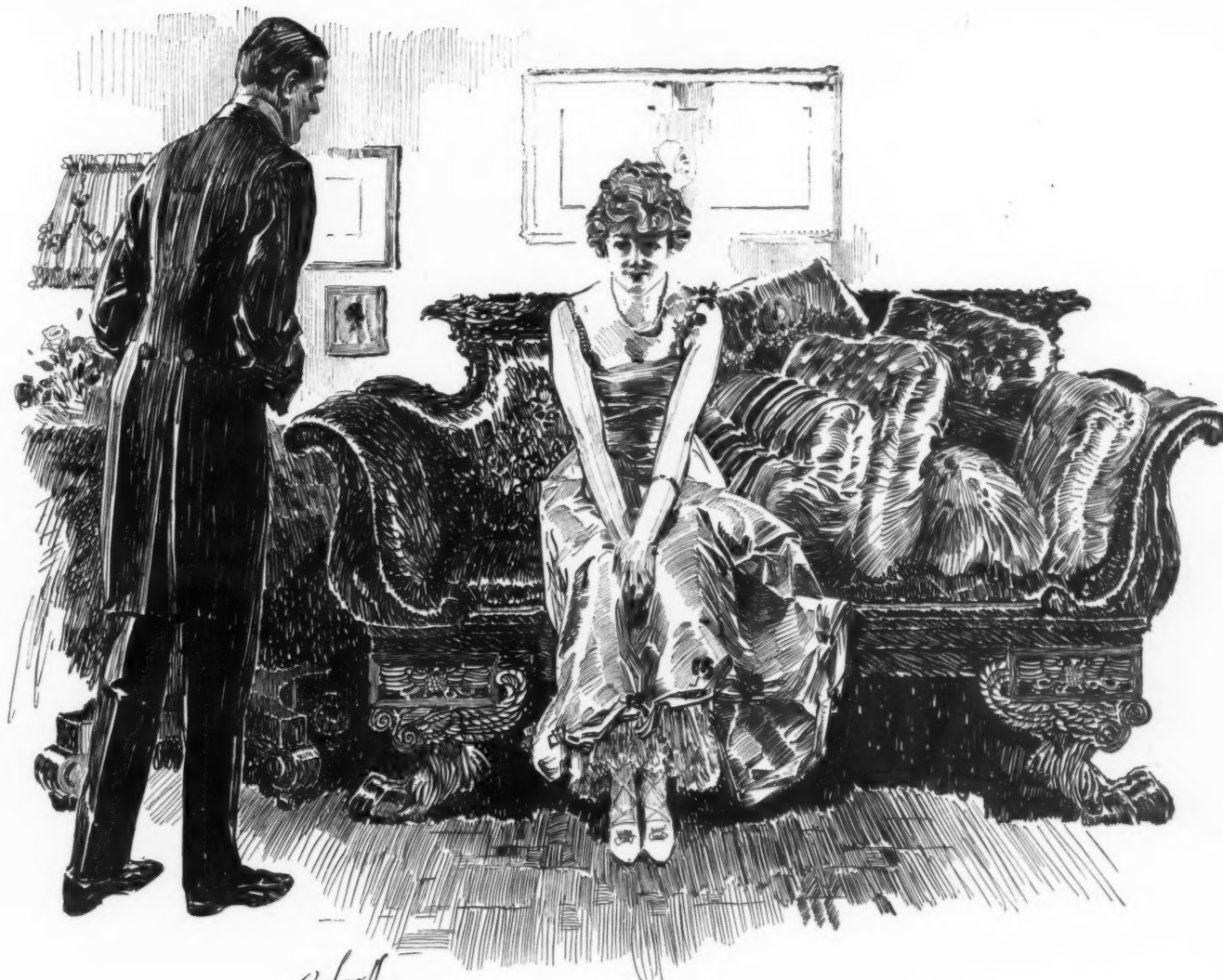


THE MIGHTY HUNTER

Crown Prince: BUT, FATHER, I THOUGHT IT WAS LIONS AND BEARS YOU WERE AFTER

"According to reliable statistics compiled by Congressman Mudgard from Hoso, N. C., we have a navy equal to any two others in the world, consisting of one hundred battleships of the first magnitude, one hundred of the second, one hundred of the third, battle-cruisers, dreadnaughts, submarines, aeroplanes, gunboats and flotillas of all sorts, fully equipped with compasses, royal topmasts, steam whistles, gauges, three speeds forward and reverse, smokestacks, halliards and two siege guns mounted on solid mahogany. Also our army consists of two million men of the first line, and militia from every state, including nearly three thousand high-school graduates, two thousand

college graduates, eighteen hundred assorted farmers, fully equipped with mortar-boards, portable bridges, lunch baskets, minimum rifles, Smith & Wesson shotguns, besides other cannon, tents and sleeping-bags. But, on the other hand, according to Major-General Totem Totem of the Grand Army Brigade, Long Island is entirely undefended. Beginning with a point intersecting the South Shore hot-dog restaurant, and running in a leisurely direction south-south-east past Hempstead and Sheepshead Bay, and thence through Quogue and Williamsburgh to Point Judith, there is nothing to intercept the vision of a pauper nation of Europe, which, even now, gaunt



Charles Knell

SOME MEN REQUIRE A LOT OF ENCOURAGEMENT

and hungry, is waiting for the moment to pounce down upon us and strip us of everything we hold dear—of our palm-rooms, our race-tracks and beloved baseball fields, of our movies and ford cars and other necessities. You will see, therefore, the need of great wisdom. Remember that you, young as you are, form a part of the great public opinion, which, at critical moments, always steps in and saves the country."

At this moment Harold's mother came in. Harold's eyes were suffused with gratitude.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "father has been telling me just what we must do to save our beloved country in case the enemy came."

Harold's mother was silent for a moment. Then she replied brightly:

"I suppose, Harold, that your dear father's idea of it is that you and he will hide under one of the beds upstairs while I am busy barricading the front door against the dreaded Germans."

Then there was a long silence.

Thomas L. Masson.

Valuable

"WHEN she was an actress on the legitimate she got two hundred a week, and now in the movies she gets five hundred."

"Well, it's worth three hundred a week to keep any woman from talking."

NEW YORK BOY: Yer a liar.
BOSTON YOUTH: You are a New Haven director.

Pastel

THE white cloud-ships fly by,
But you and I
Sail on a dearer sea than the blue sky.

What magic boat could be
As swift and free
As Love's exquisite bark upon life's
sea?

Government By Irresolution

SENATOR CUMMINS has introduced a resolution into the Senate among the clauses of which is the following:

"The most feasible plan of acquiring or constructing manufacturing plants of sufficient capacity to supply the army and navy with all arms, armament and munitions of war, including ships and their equipment."

The most feasible plan we can think of at the present moment is to ask some foreign country to invade us. Then we shall find a way, after the usual amount of blundering, to accomplish the desired object.

Until that is done, we shall always be governed not by resolutions, but by irresolutions.



"GONE FOR THE DAY"



A NIGHTMARE
DURING HIS NOVITIATE

Closed Season for Kissing

Kissing is said to be one chief cause of the alarming spread of the grip.—*Providence Journal*.

UNTIL April kiss only in the family. Especially avoid kissing in the street-cars, whether strangers or casual friends.

WITHOUT doubt — the Kaiser.

Not Hoover; He's Too Busy

HARPER'S WEEKLY suggests Herbert C. Hoover for Vice-President.

Mr. Hoover is a vigorous young man, very busy at present, and likely to be very busy as long as the war lasts and long after. Probably it would not suit him to be restricted to the in-activities of the first place on the Presidential Waiting List.



THE TRIUMPH OF WATCHFUL WAITING



LEAP YEAR.



DEFENSE TALK BARRED TO NAVAL OFFICERS.



ASTOR GETS GHOSTS WITH HIS TITLE



A TRIBUTE



THE BOSTON BAR ASSOCIATION ADMITS WOMEN LAWYERS



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IN the matter of training armies for future battles of civilization against *kultur* (if necessary), and for the defense of American soil and to emphasize American opinions, and for all other suitable and lawful purposes, the National Security League is for going along with Mr. Garrison as far as he can get to go.

What the League wants is "an adequate navy and a national army founded upon a system of universal, obligatory, military training," and "wholly under the discipline and control of the national authorities." Mr. Garrison's plan doesn't go so far as that. It provides for a moderate increase of the regular army, for the training of a volunteer reserve force under Federal control, and for the accumulation of a proper supply of war material. It provides for spending a lot of money, and it looks to the gradual acquisition of a reserve of nearly a million more or less trained men.

Good, at least pretty good, as far as it goes, says the Security League. Let's get in behind Mr. Garrison and see what he can do.

So say Mr. Root, Mr. Stimson, Mr. Wickersham, Mr. Wright and Mr. Bacon, lately Republican Cabinet officers. They see in Mr. Garrison a Secretary of War who is trying zealously to put the country in a state of defense. They see good in his plan, and though it does not satisfy them, they are ready to back it as the most feasible first step.

But they seem to back it with very moderate confidence. Mr. Stimson admitted that he had no idea that Congress would do anything like as much as Mr. Garrison wanted.

Nevertheless, the backing of these leading Republicans is very valuable. It helps to take the armament question out of party politics. It will help to put behind President Wilson, in the effort he is about to make in behalf of national defense, some votes in place of the Pacifist and Bryanite votes that he will lose.



PREPAREDNESS is a very big issue. Universal-obligatory military training of our available young men under control and discipline of the Federal government is an absolutely novel idea to the people of this country. Unless they are suddenly and badly scared they will not accept it with a rush. They will want to talk it over and think it over, and have all the ins and outs of it expounded to them, and meanwhile they are likely to prefer to try out Mr. Garrison's plan of voluntary service. That may work for the moment if Congress concludes to try it, because there is a considerable anxiety about the safety of the country, and a good many good and able men will work hard to put through any plan that promises to begin at once the training of a reserve force. Possibly sufficient interest can be stirred up in these war times to induce the enlist-

ment of the annual 133,000 young men the Garrison plan calls for. If it is a mere emergency plan to tide the country over a perilous season preliminary to the binding of the Adversary for a thousand years and the reign of universal peace, the Garrison plan may do the whole job. But if the scarred and battered nations of this suffering world are going gradually, after the present orgie, to slip back into their old habits of carrying all the weapons they can pile on, for fear somebody will get the drop on them, then the democratic universal-obligatory system is what we must come to, though we may have a mild form of it.

And it might do us a vast deal of good; enough, possibly, to be worth all its cost. We are well used to pay out money for education in this country. We pay out half a billion dollars a year for common schools alone. Considered as a form of education, this universal-obligatory military training would have a value well worth computing. It would give our young men an annual change of environment and association for several months, during several of their most impressionable years; give them exercises suitable for their physical development, teach them manners, obedience and other useful branches and give them new thoughts and ideas. Most of that would be wholesome. If the Garrison plan goes through and the response is sufficient to give it a fair trial, we shall be better able to judge how wholesome and valuable it is. But, anyhow, we would expect to get out of universal-obligatory military service a great deal more than merely national defense. We should expect to get a national tonic as good for us in the regular years of peace as in the hypothetical emergency of war.



WE want to be not only safe, but sane. If obligatory service is going to make us war-mad, we don't want it. We might as well die shot by conquerors as die crazy. But if it can be demonstrated that it would increase our national sanity—relieve us from vague terrors; make us more orderly and less selfish; make us think better



"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW"

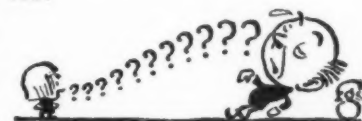
and behave better—that would be a very long mark in its favor.

In France it seems to have worked that way. The French took up with obligatory service—a great deal more of it than we should have—for purpose of national self-defense. It has not made them war-mad, neither has France become, like Germany, a military aristocracy. We admire the character of the French people—their fortitude and constancy—and we admire their democratic regime. We read a great deal of the brotherly relations between officers and men, an excellent sentiment of good will without prejudice to discipline. If democratic France is able to work in the universal-obligatory system with advantage to democratic feeling, and without developing any crazy lust for conquest, we might hope to do as well.

The papers quote College President Harry Garfield as saying that if we have a big, permanent army our gov-

ernment will necessarily become a military dictatorship, and our tenderly fondled liberties will go bust. He thinks "we ought not to have a larger military establishment than we need to police our country and defend our shores."

The danger of our getting more is small and remote; the danger of our not getting that is imminent. Get in, please, Dr. Garfield, back of Mr. Wilson!



IF we have an increase of armament somebody has got to pay the bill. The present disposition in Congress seems to be to raise as large a share as possible of the needed funds by increasing the income tax.

All right, if the increase is made at both ends; at the bottom by reducing

the exemption as well as at the top by increasing the surtax.

There are, however, some fairly good excuses for leaving our more affluent brethren an appreciable lump of spending money. Some of them do wonderfully well with it. Since the war broke out, the money of rich people spent for all manner of assistance and relief has been a factor of the very first importance in sustaining the reputation of the United States in Europe, and confuting the popular charge that our concern in the great war is limited to what we can get out of it. The popular response in these States to the calls of suffering Europe has been only moderate. It is hard to collect small sums from a multitude of people, and the habit of systematic giving is not very general. Few people cultivate it methodically on small means and from early life as our surprising fellow citizen J. D. Rockefeller claims to have done. But a good many Americans with money to burn have burned it like powder, and kept burning it, since the war began, and we all stand better in the books of mankind because of their benefactions.



GOVERNOR WHITMAN'S dismissal of Superintendent Riley helps the prison situation, and increases the comfort of Mr. Osborne's position. The people who are in trouble now are the Westchester County plotters, who have got either to proceed with their indictment of Osborne or suffer the disgrace and exposure of dropping it. Naturally, they seem to want to do neither. They have dropped some of the more infamous charges and dilly-dally with the rest. They must look with envy at Germany and Austria, who, being charged with sinking the Persia, suggest demurely that Turkey will confess that she did it.

The military war news is dull. Nobody gets ahead or behind very much, no matter what happens. What continues to be interesting is speculation on what is really going on: what ideas are being killed, what justified, what cured, and what the upshot is going to be to the human race.



Tragic Moments

YOUR DAUGHTERS' EUROPEAN EDUCATION COMPLETED, YOUR WIFE ASKS YOU TO MEET THEM





From Romance to the Commonplace



IF you're looking for a problem play, a crime drama, degeneracy, or any of the similar recent staples of the New York stage, don't go to see "The Cinderella Man." You'll be sadly disappointed. This fanciful creation isn't meant for the disillusioned who are happiest when they are sneering at old-fashioned love, sentiment and romance. Present-day practicality has its place as the background of the main action, but it vanishes into nothing when youthful love waves its mystic and all-powerful wand.

The sentiment and improbability of "The Cinderella Man" are its only qualities that justify the fairy-tale title. Its surroundings are extremely modern, but we are made to believe that a nice young girl of rich parentage, who has probably had propriety dinged into her ears since earliest childhood, finds nothing wrong in skimming over the snow of the roof of her father's New York mansion to bring food and other comforts to a struggling young author in a next-door attic. Mr. Carpenter makes us forget his improbabilities in the prettiness and humor he throws around these circumstances of his imagination. In this undertaking he is ably aided by Phoebe Foster as the indiscreet but charming young fairy godmother, Mr. Shelley Hull as the too-proud-to-marry young lover of the rich girl, and Mr. Frank Bacon as a new type in the way of a stage servant. This *Jerry Primrose* is a really valuable contribution as a new character, and Mr. Bacon realizes its possibilities admirably. There are a number of other characters, all well played, but these shine out.

Playgoers not too utterly blasé and corrupted will find "The Cinderella Man" well done, clean, fanciful and amusing.



THE rural persons in "Erstwhile Susan" that serve as a background for the curious woman represented by Mrs. Fiske are doubtless true to their originals among the Pennsylvania Dutch. New York audiences are not familiar with the gentry, and, judging by these types, the lack of acquaintance is not a great loss, regarding them merely as stage material. Not since Pinero's "The Thunderbolt" have we had such an aggregation of unamiable persons as Marian de Forest has ably transferred to the stage from Helen R. Martin's novel.

That Mrs. Fiske can raise this environment to make diverting comedy of it is as strange as that the character she represents should ever have found place in it or remained long enough to marry the obnoxious old Dutchman, so well portrayed by Mr. John Cope. Granting the improbabilities, Mrs. Fiske succeeds in making her grotesque character amusing.



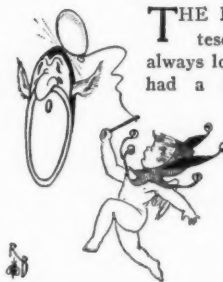
SECRET SERVICE

It is too late in her career to quarrel with Mrs. Fiske over her cruelty to the lines that are entrusted to her for delivery to her audiences, particularly as her public seems to be reconciled to the fault. As many of her speeches were familiar quotations, to which a word or two gave the clue, the fault was less a detriment than in some other of her rôles. This part is so entirely fanciful, so grotesque and remote from reality, that it is not likely to rank as one of Mrs. Fiske's best creations, although that she could give it a particle of credibility is evidence of her ability as a comedienne. She was nearest to nature in the climax of the second act, where a cuss word applied to her brute husband made its escape through her artificiality.

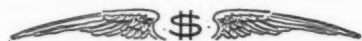
Mrs. Fiske's large and loyal following, together with her power to inject humor into her rôle, make it possible that "Erstwhile Susan" will enjoy a run.



THE Russian ballet proved itself more grotesque than graceful. To those who are always looking for new sensations it, of course, had a strong appeal. The barbaric color schemes of Bakst in costumes and scenery, together with the tricks of lighting, certainly provided novelty for the eye, although even this had been somewhat discounted by the imitations which preceded the originals to America. At the same time the ear was assaulted, in the principal numbers, with music of Russian composition, also carrying the same tinge of barbarism. This, too, lost some of the force of novelty through our familiarity with the barbaric sounds that characterize our most popular dance music. The thoroughly native ballets



seemed to lend proof to the adage which holds that when you scratch the Russian you find the Tartar. Ballets like "Les Sylphides" and "Carnaval" seemed to demonstrate that, in grace, the Russian dancers do not approach their contemporaries in the French and Italian schools.



IN what is called the second edition of "Town Topics," an entertainment originally seen at the Century and which has been put into more compact form and enriched with some new costumes, the Winter Garden makes another effort to solace the sorrows of the tired business man. The changes have improved the show, and the show, in decency at least, is an improvement on its predecessor at this house of philanthropic endeavor. Any tired business man who was too tired to get as far as the Century can with less effort find at the Winter Garden a very numerous and galumphous collection of young lady chorus artists, plenty of rag-time and a lot of fun that is not offensive.



"SADIE LOVE" is not recommended to the gentleman who is trying to follow in the self-advertising footsteps of the late Anthony Comstock. He might find it as unsuited to the entertainment of those of tender years as some of the monthly periodicals he is trying to suppress. But he would find it far more amusing than those dreary collections of want-to-be-naughty alleged literature.

Metcalfe.

Confidential GUIDE



Astor.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Humorous aspects of religious revivalism and prohibition promotion with their pecuniary value to those who engage in the business shown in well-staged comedy.

Bandbox.—"The Washington Square Players in a new bill of playlets. Bill interesting in its variety and some of its accomplishments.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Witty comedy, admirably done, and using for its principal theme some of the humorous aspects of the practice of medicine.

Booth.—"The Fear Market," by Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy. Notice later.

Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Well-acted and well-staged drama having for its subject police methods of remembering indefinitely persons who have been charged with crime.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." Agreeable and diverting comic operetta of the Viennese type.

Century.—Russian ballet. See above.

Comedy.—"Hobson's Choice," by Mr. Har-



WAYS AND MEANS

Scandalized Guest: PRAY, GEORGETTE, HOW CAME YOU TO LEND YOUR BALLROOM FOR SUCH A BRAZEN EXHIBITION?

"WELL, YOU SEE, I'M PRESIDENT OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S MODESTY LEAGUE, AND WE NEED MONEY FOR THE CAUSE."

old Brighthouse. Very well acted and extremely amusing comedy of life among the small trades people of a Lancashire suburban town.

Cort.—"The Princess Pat," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Funny and tuneful little musical play dealing with American characters in American surroundings.

Eltinge.—"Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. Laughable farcical comedy, well acted and just verging on but never reaching the improper.

Empire.—Maude Adams in revival of "The Little Minister." The delicious Barrie comedy, losing none of its power to amuse because it is more than ten years old.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Katinka." Comic operetta, diverting and well staged.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Just a Woman," by Mr. Eugene Walter. Crude but interesting American drama of divorce, with some strong scenes.

Fulton.—Rose Stahl in "Moonlight Mary," by Mr. George V. Hobart. Notice later.

Gaiety.—Mrs. Fiske in "Erstwhile Susan," by Marian de Forest. See above.

Garden.—Hauptmann's "The Weavers." Labor troubles in Germany in vigorous stage depiction. Not exactly a play, but well done.

Globe.—"Stop! Look! Listen!" Gaby Deslys and her eccentric costumes the leading feature of an elaborate girl-and-music show.

Harris.—"Sadie Love," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. An extremely high-flavored American farce, written along the lines of those we have largely imported from Paris.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip-Hooray." Spectacle, ballet, vaudeville and ice carnival, all glittering and megatherian after the established precedent of the Hippodrome.

Hudson.—"The Cinderella Man," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. See above.

Knickerbocker.—Frequently changing bills of film plays.

Longacre.—"The Great Lover," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Leo Ditrichstein. The professional and private life of a celebrated

grand-opera favorite shown in well-acted and clever comedy.

Lyceum.—"Our Mrs. McCheaney," Edna Ferber's stories of the woman drummer in the petticoat line turned into amusing stage version with Ethel Barrymore in the title part.

Lyric.—"Abe and Mawruas," by Montague Glass and R. C. Megrue. The cloak-and-suit trade as conducted by its Jewish promoters turned into highly amusing farcical comedy.

Maxine Elliott's.—Mr. Robert Hilliard in "The Pride of Race," by Mr. Michael L. Landman. A strong and well-acted drama, objectionable in its topic, but holding the interest throughout.

Playhouse.—Grace George in "Major Barbara," by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Excellently acted argument of the Anglo-Irish satirist on the subject of military preparedness and religion for revenue.

Princess.—"Very Good, Eddie." Girl-and-music version of the successful farce played as "Over Night." Pleasant and easily digested after-dinner entertainment.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." Well-acted and picturesquely staged version of the famous pirate story by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead. Interesting and well-played drama dealing in a new way with the old theme of the double standard in the matter of sex questions.

Shubert.—"Alone at Last." Comic operetta with an ambitious but tuneful score by the composer of "The Merry Widow."

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Anspacher. Drama of New York life, distorted for stage purposes. Well acted by good company headed by Miss Emily Stephens.

Winter Garden.—"Town Topics," revised from the version originally seen at the Century. See above.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Cabaret performance beginning at midnight and calculated to interest bored and weary persons between that hour and an indefinite early morning conclusion.



The Philanthropic Oyster

ACCORDING to a circular recently issued by the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington, the oyster is the only article of diet that has not increased in price during the last decade. Oysters are cheaper now than they ever were before. While a large band of voracious humans has been sitting in restaurants day and night seeking to exterminate the oyster, this hard-working bivalve has been gathering himself together and working overtime to multiply. He has won. He could muster in an army of several millions, all fitted up, composed of veterans, without calling out the reserves. Of all the workers in any field, it will surprise many to learn that the oyster is the most industrious.

The daily food of the oyster is diatoms, microscopic plants which even the oyster can scarcely see without the aid of spectacles. These diatoms come in the water around the oyster, and in order to reach them he is obliged to filter, during the day, about twenty-five or thirty quarts of water through his system. Arising at the first touch of the alarm in the morning, he springs out of his bed, and, with a smiling morning face, starts out after the nimble diatom. Some oysters up near New England do not eat their diatoms as they come, but save them up until they get a square meal, and then sit down in front of their friends and eat, just to make others feel badly. Oysters are also fond of marine salad, which is about the same as land salad; that is to say, all the left-overs that come the way of the oyster during the day are tastefully arranged on a plate and placed before the oyster. If he really knew what was in it he would probably stick to diatoms.

Will Marshall Run Again?

THE Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* reports interest at the capital in whether Vice-President Marshall will be renominated.

Certainly not! When a gentleman of Mr. Marshall's ability and earning capacity, the ornament and pride of a large State, has bestowed four years of his life in a solid chunk on the vice-presidency, he has fulfilled his entire duty to that office, and no further sacrifice in that line should be expected of him.

Besides, it is not the fashion any more for Vice-Presidents to serve two terms. The last one to do it was John C. Calhoun, back in the eighteen-thirties.

Besides, Indiana is entitled to have Mr. and Mrs. Marshall back home again, and they have made money in the lecture business while in office, and can afford to go back.

Besides, why imperil the ticket?

To England

WHAT secret witch profound as Lucifer
Prepared the hemlock and the poppy juice
That thou hast drunk of in this flaming hour?
What poison could be swift and strong enough
To flood thus madly thro' thy Titan's veins,
Defeating all their godlike majesty?
Spirit of England! By thy golden past,
By all those generous, soul-filling names
The world has ta'en of thee—Elizabeth,
Shakespeare, Victoria—break from thy sleep,
Cast off the fiend's enchantment—thou, O Heart,
Who hurled the vast Armada from the seas,
Thou who destroyed Napoleon thus bound
To some mad lethargy—thou still and dumb
While all thy hero-sons take futile death
To praise that Glory that they cannot wake!
Spirit of England! By the waiting world,
By gleaming France miraculously young,
By Russia's stirring millions, Belgium's woe,
By the Italian armies sweeping on
Athwart the Alpine snows, by Faith and Peace,
By all we pray to die for—snap this spell
Of thy oblivion—arise and save!

Leolyn Louise Everett.

The Most Daring

THE afternoon tea was in progress. Music pulsed on the air; lights labored to shine through opaque or colored globes. The place was crowded, with women predominating. A dance was in progress.

Finally she appeared.

There was nothing especially remarkable about her. She was armed neither by magnificence nor a defiant manner. She was unassuming. Her manner of presenting herself was somewhat timid. And yet her appearance created consternation. The music ceased; the dancers stopped short; two women fainted; several men grabbed decanters and drank hurriedly; the proprietor rushed forward in alarm as to her sanity. There was an uproar—a policeman was called.

She had appeared without one piece of fur on her costume.

C. Vere Tyler.

PROPRIETOR of small hotel (to negro applicant for position as chef): Can you read?

APPLICANT: Well, dat cert'nly is a cur'ous question in dese hyar days of enlightenment.

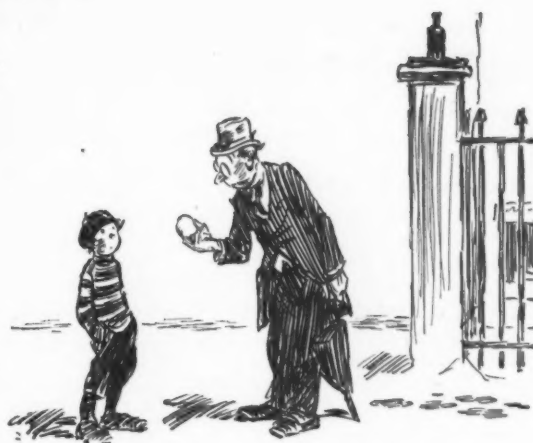


LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

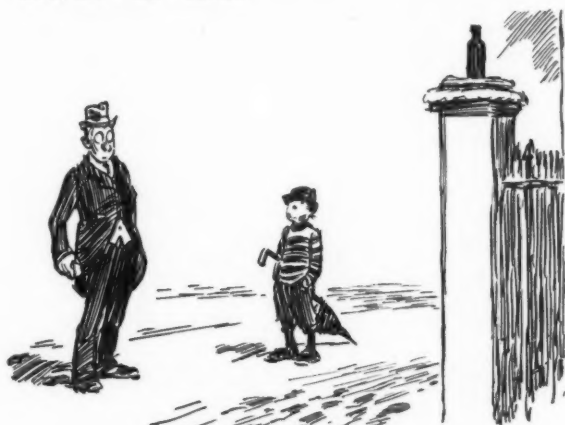
The Theorist



1. "Well! Well! You haven't hit it once out of ten shots, and I don't wonder.



2. "To begin with, your method of grasping the missile is entirely erroneous. It should be held between the thumb and forefinger.



3. "Next, face the object squarely—head up—chin drawn in, arms to the sides, shoulders back, chest expanded.



4. "Second position: Without moving the right foot, swing the left back of it in a circular motion, at the same time keeping the eye on the target.



5. "Third: Using the right heel as pivot and the left leg to give momentum, describe a complete circle to the right—thus—projecting the missile in the desired direction simultaneously."



6. Cop (bringing him before judge): He was throwing snowballs through them fifty-dollar plate-glass windows in the New Court House, yer honor.

The Spell of Love

WHEN I was young—not yet above
A thrill of pride when I was shaving—
One summertime I fell in love
With one whose charms were most enslaving!
But there! It's been so long I'll not
Do more than say that she was pretty.
Her home, O deeply hallowed spot!
Was in a suburb of the city.

Nearby there grew a pleasant grove,
And when on rambles incidental
To courtship, there we'd often rove,
Our mood extremely sentimental.
One day, I know, I turned to art
To tell our love—and wherefore hide it?—
And on a tree engraved a heart
With our initials carved inside it.

Ah well! A dozen years have sped,
And over them we'll draw a curtain,
For though the lady's safely wed
She never married me, that's certain.
To-day I went to find the wood,
Inspired by tender recollections,
But grieved to find that neighborhood
One of our thriving business sections.

"Alas!" I mused, "was vulgar Trade
Untouched by those sweet influences
That hovered here? Could it invade
These grounds and feel no consequences?"
Ah no! For where the tree that bore
The symbol that I carved that summer
Once flourished, there I found a store
With valentines for every comer!

Gorton Carruth.

Miss Gilder

MISS JEANNETTE GILDER, dead at sixty-seven, will be mourned by all writers and many readers in New York whose memories reach back thirty years. The *Critic*, which she edited with her brother Joseph, has been crowded out, irrespective of its deserts, by an overwhelming competition of periodicals with less brains in them and more colored ink. It was a good paper, and Miss Gilder was a good editor, and very interesting besides in the personality which she put into her paragraphs.

Life's Short Story Contest

The contest closed on October 4th, 1915. So many thousands of manuscripts have been received, each one necessitating a careful reading, that our friends are invited to exercise all due patience. We shall continue to publish the stories accepted each week in this department until all the manuscripts have been passed upon; and as soon thereafter as possible the prizes will be awarded.

The Cat That Came Back

By Virginia West

LEONARD RAYMOND was temperamentally a naturalist. Had circumstances not compelled him to make a living he would no doubt have been an Audubon, or a Gray. He spent his spare moments studying the habits of the living things about town: English sparrows, pigeons, stray cats, homeless dogs, and so forth. Old man Peterkin, whose wife kept the boarding house at which Raymond was getting his meals, who did nothing but collect the board bills, grow fat, and hold the position of church deacon, had told him that the crows in the cupola of the Eutaw Place synagogue had been nesting there for eleven years. Raymond did not know whether to regard that as an interesting item about crows, or as evidence against Mr. Peterkin's veracity. However, Mr. Peterkin and the crows have nothing to do with this story.

In the back yard of the Linden Avenue house in which he lived with his mar-

ried sister, Raymond raised flowers, and on Sundays and holidays he would often go to the country to study the wild flowers and the birds.

One summer evening he sat in the back yard among the flowers. He was hot and lonesome, the thermometer being close to ninety, the family being out of town, and no vacation for himself in sight. To-morrow, he reflected, he would return to his post of teller in the bank, and hand out more money than he would ever own in a lifetime; the day after he would do the same thing—

His melancholy reflections were broken in upon by what seemed to be a ball of fire on top of the tall board fence. In an instant it disappeared, and he saw the long black form of a cat slide down the fence and light in the yard. The beast went to a garbage can in the corner of the yard, sniffed about it, observed

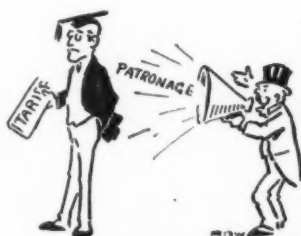
(Continued on page 218)



LITTLE WILLIE, WHOSE SENSE OF SMELL IS IMPAIRED BY A BAD COLD, BRINGS HOME A NEW KITTEN



THE PROPAGANDIST



Second-Term Considerations

IN considering a second term for Mr. Wilson, we should try to estimate the value to us of what he has learned in the last three years. Also the value of his acquisitions and discontinuances. He is a much more practiced hand on the Presidential job than he was when he began. He has thought by this time of most things that concern it, and knows by experiment what to do in some cases and what not to do in a good many. He has acquired Mr. Lansing, discontinued Mr. Bryan, and could probably be separated from Mr. Daniels, to date from the beginning of his second term. As to that, we should want security.

To be sure, Mexico would hold over. He could not discontinue Mexico, and it is still doubtful how much his experiences with that country have taught him. If re-nominated, there should be a pre-election bargain with him to accept a guardian *ad litem* in all concerns of Mexico—Colonel House, perhaps.

Great Problem Solved

WHAT has become of all the military experts who blossomed out in the columns of our press after the beginning of the war? They had their brief day and then vanished into thin typographical air. Only one solution of this mystery is plausible, and that is that the writing of their own articles so fired them with the war spirit that they have all marched off to the front.

Business Is Business

HUSBAND: I don't see, Estelle, how you could draw all your money out of the bank and spend it, when I specially told you that I wouldn't be able to give you any more for some time.

WIFE: But I did it on purpose, dear. Suppose the bank should fail?



Cupid: MAKE HASTE, YOUNG MAN. MY TIME IS VALUABLE



FROM THE WANT COLUMNS

Bookkeeper, unmarried, seeks employment; no clock-watcher, earnest, thoroughly capable of assuming full charge

Elegy

THE jackals prowl, the serpents hiss

In what was once Persepolis.
Proud Babylon is but a trace
Upon the desert's dusty face.
The topless towers of Ilium
Are ashes. Judah's harp is dumb.
The fleets of Nineveh and Tyre
Are down with Davy Jones, Esquire.
And all the oligarchies, kings
And potentates that ruled these things

Are gone! But cheer up; don't be sad;

Think what a lovely time they had!

Arthur Guiterman.

A Savior

"MAY I have an hour or so of your time?"

It was a pleasant, soft-voiced gentleman who spoke; it was the very audacity of his request that arrested the attention of the man of business, who gasped:

"An hour!"

"Yes, sir. Permit me to recline at ease in this chair. Don't be alarmed. I'm not a book agent, nor an insurance man. I'm a non-efficiency expert."

"Non?"


"Yes, sir—non. You've heard of efficiency, haven't you?"

"I've heard of nothing else. Look at my filing system."

"Exactly. Well, I teach the opposite. Show you how to waste four or five hours a day in the most delightful manner. Restore all the inherent poetry and sentiment in your nature. Let you do as you please with your time and your business. Make you feel as if you didn't care a hang whether you get the most out of yourself or not. New idea. I guarantee to keep off all the efficiency experts who have been showing you how to run your affairs. Shall I stay?"

The tired business man went over and put his arms around the stranger.

"Stay," he whispered. "Come and live with me!"



"What Bearings are used in this Car?"

"Are the Bearings so very important, Dick?"

"They certainly are, Mary."

"Because it can be truthfully said that the car we buy is only as good as the Bearings upon which its mechanism is mounted."

"They carry the weight of my loaded car—resist the shocks and jars of the road—nullify the stresses and strains imposed upon the entire mechanism—and at the same time reduce friction to the vanishing point wherever rotating motion occurs in the chassis."

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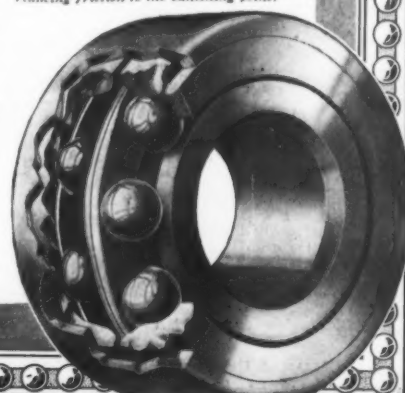
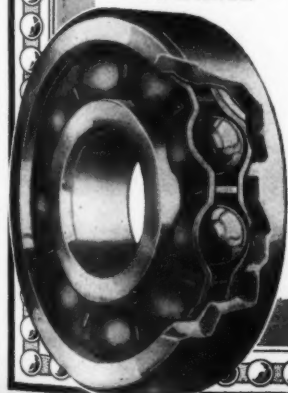
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Pride in the Daily Task

A quaint story is told to exemplify the pride that every man should take in the work by which he makes a living.

Two street sweepers, seated on a curbstone, were discussing a comrade who had died the day before.

"Bill certainly was a good sweeper," said one.

"Y-e-s," conceded the other thoughtfully. "But—don't you think he was a little weak around the lamp-posts?"

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

FATHER: What did you and John talk about last night, dear?

DAUGHTER: Oh, we talked about our kith and kin.

SMALL BROTHER: Yeth, pop, I heard 'em. He seth, "Kin I hev a kith?" and she seth, "Yith, you kin!"

—*Yale Record.*



SAFETY FIRST

Nephew: HELLO, UNCLE EZRA! DON'T YOU REMEM—

Ezra: NOT SO FAST, YOUNG FELLER, WHAT WAS YER MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME?

Charity

Bishop Penhurst was talking, in Boston, about charity.

"Some charities," he said, "remind me of the cold, proud, beautiful lady who, glittering with diamonds, swept forth from a charity ball at dawn, crossed the frosty sidewalk, and entered her huge limousine.

"A beggar woman whined at the window:

"Could ye give me a trifle for a cup 'of coffee, lady?"

"The lady looked at the beggar reproachfully:

"Good gracious!" she said. "Here you have the nerve to ask me for money when I've been tangoing for you the whole night through! Home, James."

"And she snapped the window shut in the beggar's face indignantly."

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"There's no doubt that the men deserve a raise in wages."

"Yes—the only question is, ought we to discharge them for demanding it?"

—*The Masses.*

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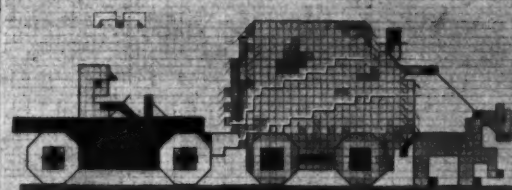
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THEN



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I am as full of energy as Niagara.

I am as saturated with words as a dictionary.

I am as ready to run them off as is a printing-press.

I am as great in the variety of my subjects as is the phonograph.

I am as eager and ready as a seismograph in my desire to register and magnify even the most distant public tremor.

I am as thunder in my follow-up of a chosen topic at the psychological moment.

I am a maker of psychological moments.

I am as conventionally teeming with punches as a moving-picture serial.

I am perpetual motion in all of its manifestations incarnate.

I am so aware that I have overdone many things that, for fear of myself, I have left a great many things un-(der)done.

I am, even in my comparatively quiet moments, as full of potentialities as an enemy-infested ammunition factory.

I am Theodore Roosevelt.

Louis Schneider.

Secretary Daniels is gratified that the government's torpedo output is now three hundred per annum, but what would the navy do after the first half hour of the battle?

—*Boston Transcript.*

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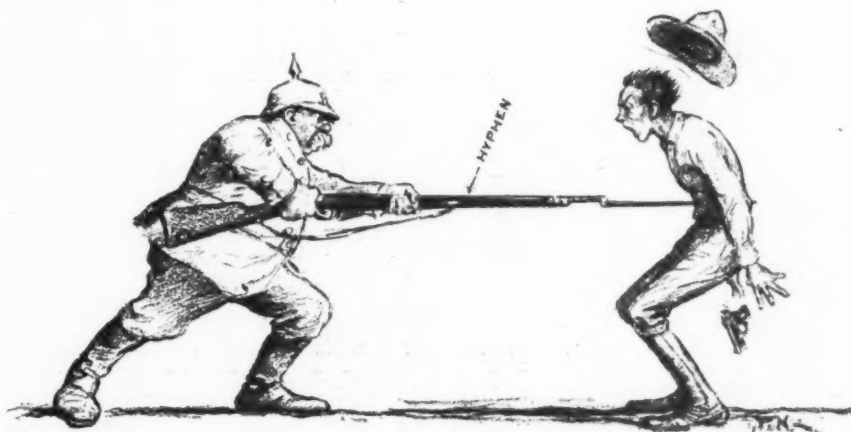
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Here is a story of a London "nut" who had mounted guard for the first time:

The colonel had just given him a wigging because of the state of his equipment. A little later the colonel passed his post. The nut did not salute. The indignant colonel turned and passed again. The nut ignored him.

"Why in the qualified blazes don't you salute?" the colonel roared.

"Ah," said the nut, softly, "I fawned you were vexed with me."

—New York Globe.

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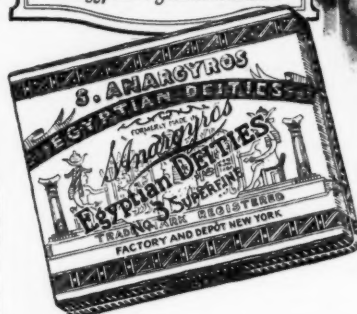
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"Wait a moment, lady; wait until the car stops."

"Will you please not address me as lady, sir?" she said, sharply.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the conductor. "The best of us are apt to make mistakes."—Buffalo Courier.

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PEACE is symbolized in these days not by a dove but by a parrot.—The Sun.

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And it is to the moderate man that we direct our best effort in making a remarkably mild and mellow Whiskey—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

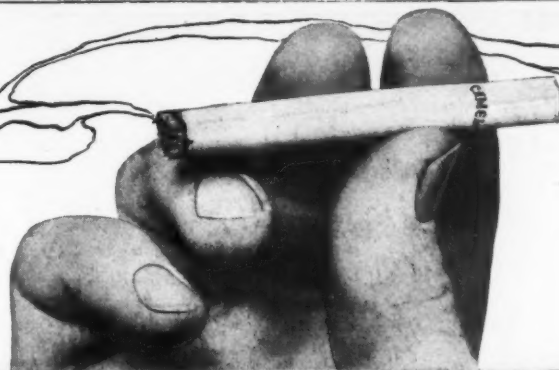
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Your best way to determine how delightful Camels really are—how thoroughly they fit your fondest cigarette desires—is to compare them puff-by-puff with *any* cigarette at *any* price!

What you pay out your good money for is *cigarette satisfaction*; you will get it in Camel cigarettes.

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Why Not Revise Them?

IT wouldn't be a bad idea to revise most of the elementary histories used in our public schools. They need it badly enough, especially the chapters that play up the Revolutionary period. The cerebral spasms epidemic among so many of our best people to-day can be traced to no other source.

There is plenty of reason for suspecting that the marvelous confidence professional pacifists have in our dormant military prowess has been built up from the glowing accounts of American success at Lexington and Concord. Our ridiculous tendency to adorn all of our international policies with halos of altruism, doubtless has its roots in the carefully nurtured misconception that everything we stood for before and during the Revolution was honorable and just.

The Cat That Came Back

(Continued from page 210)

that the lid was on, and then, turning the gleaming ball upon Raymond, sprang up the fence and disappeared.

The same thing happened the next evening. On the third evening when the cat appeared Raymond advanced cautiously, and tried to be friendly. The cat hesitated, but when the man's hand was almost on him he streaked up and over the fence.

The following evening when Raymond walked uptown from the bank, as he approached Richmond market he thought of the cat, and stopping at a stall bought a small portion of meat.

The meat was put on the ground near the fence on which at the regular time the cat appeared. The eye gleamed. Raymond was wondering why both eyes did not gleam when the cat seemed to fall straight down upon the meat. Raymond sat as still as a stone, and heard the meat crunching between the cat's jaws. The animal was licking its chops when he advanced—it met him half way, and while Raymond rubbed his fur the cat purred. Sitting down upon a bench, the cat leaped into his lap, curled up, and settled down for a nap. Then it was that he found about the cat's neck a small chain with a tag on it.

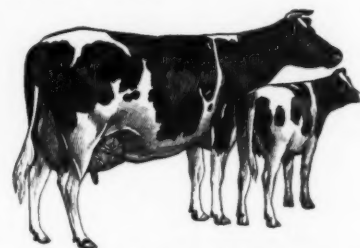
When he went into the house the cat followed him, and by the gaslight he read on the tag a Madison Avenue address. Also he observed that the cat had but one eye, and forthwith he christened him Cyclops. He wondered why a person who thought enough of the cat to provide him with a chain and tag should have left him to search for his victuals in alleys and back yards like an ordinary stray. Cyclops stuck by Ray-

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mond like a twin brother. And every evening when Raymond came from business he stopped in Richmond market and bought meat for Cyclops. One day the man in the stall asked him if he were a family man.

One Sunday morning Raymond strolled across Eutaw Place and up to the Madison Avenue address. The house was closed for the summer, but the policeman on the post told him who lived there.

Summer was nearly at an end when Raymond happened to see in the paper that the people at the Madison Avenue house had returned to town. Now, Raymond was an honest man—had he been anything else he would not have been allowed to handle the bank's money—so on Saturday evening, with Cyclops under his arm, he sadly went up Madison Avenue to return the cat to his lawful owner. Boys on the street made personal remarks about the man and the cat, and Cyclops' great eye turned green with wrath as he glared at them.

A colored woman of the Mammy type answered his ring. She looked and gasped. Before Raymond could explain she thrust her head into the hall and shouted in strident tones:

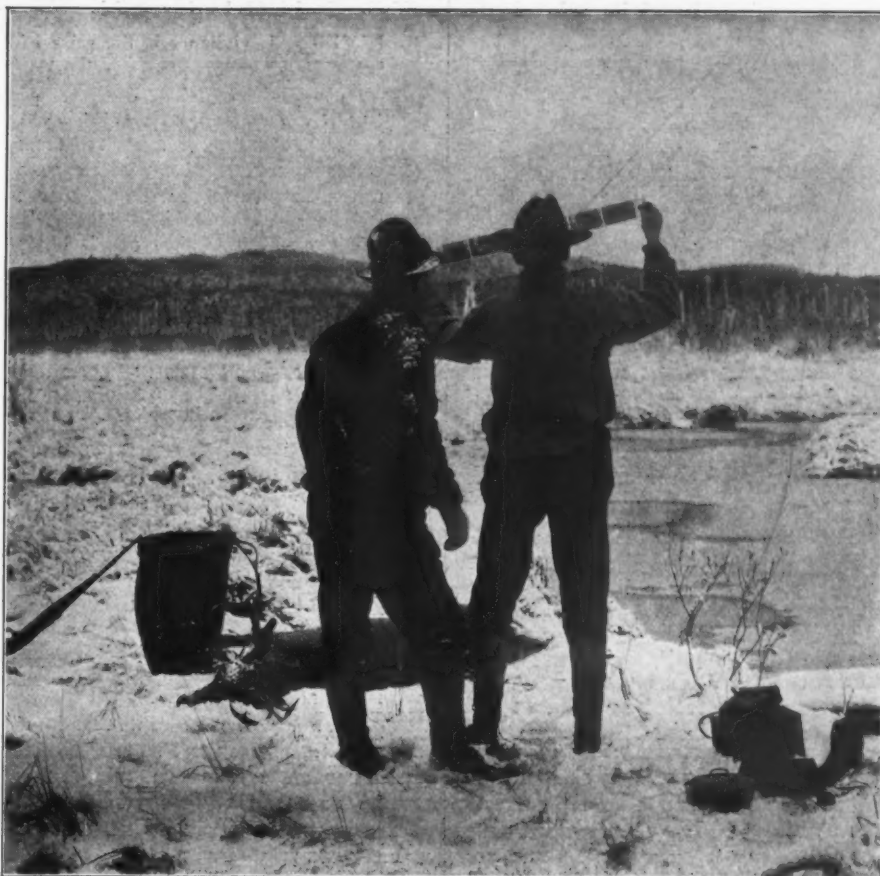
"Come heah, Miss 'Liza! Bress de Lawd, ef heah ain't yo' cat!"

In a moment appeared the prettiest girl that Raymond's eyes had ever rested upon. She had blue eyes, and a mass of golden hair. Though comparatively young, and quite in the eligible class, Raymond was not a lady's man. With much embarrassment he told the history of the cat.

While she held Cyclops to her bosom, the girl explained that she had left him with a friend to keep for her during the summer, and he had run away. She had given him up for lost.

"Dat cat know whut he doin'," snickered the Mammy, who was standing back in the hall. "Dat cat kin see further'n you kin ef he ain't got but one eye."

Raymond went off catless. All the way home he was thinking of a way by which he might call on the beautiful Miss 'Liza. Sunday afternoon he went out to



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Twenty for a Quarter

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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the country, to the woods, the flowers, the birds, and his soul was full of poetry and his mind of thoughts of the girl.

That evening old Cyclops was back on the fence! His great eye had a gleam of mischievousness. Down the fence he slid, and straight to Raymond, who decided that he must take the cat back to his owner immediately.

While Cyclops prowled about the parlor with tail erect, rubbing against every article of furniture, Raymond talked to Miss 'Liza.

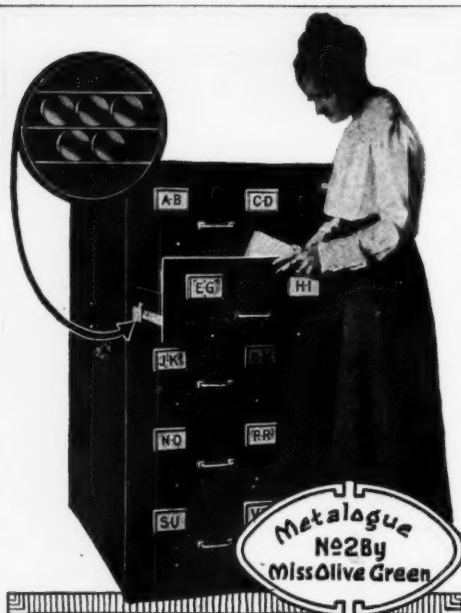
Every evening Cyclops returned to Raymond, and every evening he as promptly took him home. Thus time passed from autumn into early winter.

One evening, sitting before the little wood fire in her parlor, Raymond said to Miss 'Liza: "I don't see but one way to keep our cat in one place!"

Then Miss 'Liza blushed, and said she didn't see but one way either!

Then he kissed her!

And old Cyclops rubbed against both of them and purred to beat the band.



"Obeys the slightest impulse

—a little pull, and out roll the drawers with almost rubber-tired ease and silence," says Olive Green.

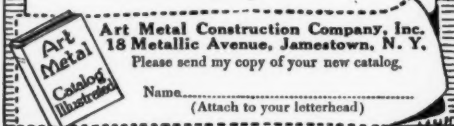
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"OH, JAKEY! STOP AN' T'INK! REMEMBER DOT DINNER COST ONE TOLLER"

How to Keep Ill

ETERNAL vigilance is the price of illness. Unless you keep the matter constantly in mind, the laws of Nature are almost certain to bring you to a state of health. Health is real and constantly threatens us. If one expects to remain in perfect illness, one cannot adopt a supine attitude.

The first thing, when one is ill, is to forget that it was probably caused by something. This is important. When a cause of an illness is known to an absolute certainty, the temptation to remove it, even in the most strong-willed persons, is irresistible. If the cause is removed health is inevitable.

Should it be, however, that you are so wedded to logic as not to be able to think except in terms of cause and effect, assign some silly cause, such as that a germ attacked you, or that you "caught a little cold," or that you are "just a little bilious," or that you are "subject to these attacks." Dismiss from your mind all thought of late suppers, overindulgence in highly spiced foods and highly spirited liquors.

See a doctor. Be sure that he is absolutely orthodox and thoroughly old-fashioned. At any rate, be sure that he is not too busy nor too wise to give good, strong medicine and plenty of it.

Buy a yellow journal. Look up your symptoms in the patent medicine advertisements which all yellow journals have in abundance. These will make you feel ill whether you are or not. Send in five dollars for six bottles of

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Six Superb Spencers

For 25c

we will mail one regular 10-cent packet (40 to 50 seeds) each of ELFRIDA PEARSON, a lovely pink, of gigantic size; KING WHITE, the best of all White Spencers; MRS. ROUTZAHN, rich buff, suffused delicate pink; VERMILION BRILLIANT, the most brilliant scarlet Spencer; WEDGWOOD, a beautiful light-blue shade. Also one large packet (90 to 100 seeds) of the BURPEE BLEND of SUPERB SPENCERS for 1916, the finest mixture of Spencers ever offered. Purchased separately, would cost 60c. The Burpee leaflet on Sweet Pea culture is enclosed with each collection.

Burpee's Annual for 1916

The Fortieth Anniversary Edition of the Leading American seed catalog—is brighter and better than ever before. It is mailed free. Write for it today and please mention this publication.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

CRÊME YVETTE

(Pronounced E-vet)

"For Smart Desserts"

Crème Yvette imparts the delicate taste and colour of the violet to ices, charlottes, cake icings and sorbets. It's the added touch that makes your luncheons and dinners distinctive.



Sold at 80c. and \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your grocer or wine dealer for free sample.

Book of signed recipes by well-known Chefs, sent free for your dealer's name and address. Write to-day.

SHEFFIELD COMPANY
7th Ave., at 14th St.
New York



the medicine that makes the wildest claim. Double the prescribed doses. At the slightest signs of returning health, switch to another brand. Have patience. Nature will do everything in her power to preserve your bodily vigor, but Nature is not unconquerable. If you persist you are sure to get the better of her.

If the average person will carefully adhere to these ideas until he is forty, his constitution will then be so infirm he can relax his vigilance somewhat, knowing he will creak audibly for the balance of his days.

Rhymed Reviews

The Money-Master

(By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Bros.)

JEAN JACQUES BARBILLE of old Quebec,
The miller, farmer, money-master,
Could write four figures on a check
Like any Vanderbilt or Astor.

A man at whom but fools would scoff,
He well could sing or crack a bottle,
And was, besides, *un philosophe*,
The same as you and Aristotle.

Oh, generous he was and gay,
And stanch—no storm, it seemed,
would shake him;
But fell Disaster came his way
And did her evil best to break him.

His wife ran off: Perhaps he moped
A year or two; (he loved her
dearly).

His daughter, Zoé, next eloped,
Which hurt his feelings more severely.

His projects failed; his mill was
burned;
His fortunes ebbed like tidal water;
And still he smiled; all help he spurned,
And headed West to find his daughter.



The Top of Your Head

can be
Luxuriantly Covered

baldness replaced
with a natural
growth of hair—if roots are not dead—
dandruff removed, or grey hair arrested,
by our Physical Culture and local
treatment for the scalp.

Write for information

Grace-Mildred Culture Course
Dept. 33, 624 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago



Tubes 25c; Jars 35c and 75c
At the Stores

Beauty Hints

For Face, Hands & Hair



Only jars: 50c, 75c and \$1
At the Stores

Pompeian NIGHT Cream. Some women find it is all their skin needs. Hundreds have written us that when the face, neck and hands become roughened and reddened by winds or cold or dry climates, Pompeian NIGHT Cream soothes, softens and beautifies while they sleep. So fragrant! So white! A new delight! Try it tonight!

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream. Other women write us this suits them best. You see, it all depends on a person's skin. A sallow, cloudy or "lifeless" skin needs this pink Pompeian MASSAGE Cream to wake it up. It rolls in and out of the skin in its own peculiar way, beautifying and refreshing tired, drawn faces. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream also cleanses the pores wonderfully.

Use Creams Together

Also, many women write us that they use both creams, and in this way: First, take a two-minute massage with Pompeian Massage Cream. This youthifies and cleans the skin.

Now the pores are purified and ready to fairly drink in the soothing unguents of Pompeian NIGHT Cream. If used when you are about to retire, leave on considerable of the Pompeian NIGHT Cream. However, if you are going outdoors, remove excess NIGHT Cream, leaving enough on the face and the hands to protect the skin against the

weather. Moreover, Pompeian NIGHT Cream is not only an excellent powder base, but also protects the skin from the powder's drying effect. Try these two entirely different creams. Cut out and save this hint.

Pompeian HAIR Massage

makes the hair healthy, strong and lustrous. It removes Dandruff, one of the biggest causes of itching scalp and falling hair. Pompeian HAIR Massage is no experiment. For many years it was known as Hyki Tonic. We bought the business because Hyki had been so successfully used by more than a million people.

Pompeian HAIR Massage (remember the new name) is a clear, amber liquid containing 6 finely combined ingredients. Can't discolor the hair. Not oily. Delightful to use. Hair roots once dead, always dead. Don't wait until too late. Use Pompeian HAIR Massage.

With each 25c, 50c or \$1 bottle (at the stores) is a booklet, "Your Hair and Its Care." The advice in it is alone worth the price of many bottles. If your druggist does not have this new product, tell him he can get it very quickly from his wholesale dealer.

TRIAL SIZES as offered on coupon. Be sure to put X after goods you want. **Clip coupon now.**

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 25 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose stamps or coin for goods I have marked with (X) in the little squares.

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Trial Size 4c ☐

Pompeian NIGHT Cream, Trial Size 4c ☐

Pompeian HAIR Massage, Trial Size 6c ☐

Name

Address

City.....State.....

But she had died and left behind

A tiny child; yet though he craved her
The baby Zoé Jean resigned

To those whose loving care had
saved her.

Then all was lost? Ah, no, not yet.

A vein of coal to wealth restored
him;

He married Virginie Poucette,

A widow who had long adored him.

So thus philosophy and pluck,

In spite of clouds that gather darker
Redeem the debonair Canuck

Depicted by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Arthur Guiterman.

"TOMMY, you should not fight with
that Jimson boy."

"I know it, ma."

"That's right."

"But I didn't know it before I hit him."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Clear
Delicate
Complexion
of
Childhood
may be
retained
by the
woman



Hinds
HONEY AND ALMOND
Cream
who
properly cares
for her skin.

A few drops of Hinds Cream used every day keeps the skin soft, smooth and fine-textured; prevents Roughness, Chapping and Windburn in any climate. Fine for sensitive skin in cold weather.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c. Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.
Samples sent for 2c stamp to pay postage. Do not take a substitute—Hinds Cream will improve the skin.

A. S. HINDS, 208 West St., Portland, Maine
Try HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM SOAP—Refined, fragrant, beneficial, 10c and 25c. Trial size, 5c postpaid.

Unfailing Sign

THE woman of the house reached the conclusion that the attachment of the policeman for her cook must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline.

"Do you think he means business, Bridget?" she asked.

"I think he does, mum," said Bridget. "He's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."—*Argonaut*.



PORTRAIT OF A CURSE COMING HOME TO ROOST

The Real Reason

A NEW YORK doctor is authority for the statement that there has not been a birth in Fifth Avenue in two years. From this the conclusion is drawn that rich society women are averse to motherhood.

Is this correct? The trouble is not with the mothers, but with the children. Children are essentially democratic. Democrats are born; aristocrats are made. Adults may see the real or imaginary advantages in social-climbing, but children are too human. Social-climbers struggle to become useless. Children, if left alone, struggle to become useful. It takes considerable training to spoil children, and usually they cannot be turned into snobs without a well-equipped finishing school.

That rich women want the society of children is proved by their love for dolls and dogs, but it is the children who are unwilling to make the necessary sacrifice.

An Old Man at Fifty —A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth

THERE is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid, prosaic America by Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it, too, right in his own person.

At 50 he was partially bald. Today he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. Today they are as strong as when he was a child. At 50 he was a worn-out, broken-down, decrepit old man. Today he is in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35. All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem.

As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished, anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame. There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All of this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a wonderful book. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and, as Mr. Bennett firmly believes, the one hundredth milestone of life, should read.

Partial Contents

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It; The Will in Exercising; Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustration. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; Dyspepsia; How I Strengthened

My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness; External Cleanliness; Rheumatism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.

How You Can Get This Book

"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" with its 400 pages, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth, contains as much material as many books selling for \$3.00 or more. By special arrangement with the publishers of *Physical Culture*, the leading and most practical health magazine of the day, it is now possible for you to secure a year's subscription to *Physical Culture*—12 big numbers—each copy containing over 100 pages of interesting and instructive information akin to the development of health, strength and vitality, together with Sanford Bennett's big book, for only \$2.00. The subscription price of *Physical Culture* alone is \$1.50. So you are getting a rare bargain.

Don't Send Any Money

Before committing yourself in any way, however, the publishers will send you "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," together with the current issue of *Physical Culture*, on approval without deposit. Then, if after examination in your own home you feel you can afford to be without this library of vital practical youth and health-achieving knowledge, send the book back within five days after its receipt and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep the book and become a subscriber to *Physical Culture*, send your check for \$2.00 and you will receive the magazine regularly for a year. There are no strings to this offer. No money is required in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon and by return post "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," and the current issue of *Physical Culture* will reach you.

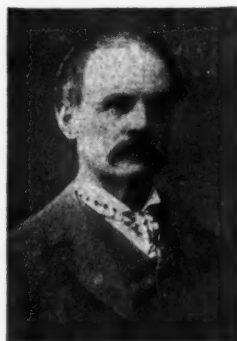
For having solved the problem of perpetual youth during life, the world owes Sanford Bennett a vote of thanks. Of course there are those who will scoff at the idea, but the real wise men and women among those who hear of Sanford Bennett and his return to youth, will most certainly investigate further and at least acquire a knowledge of his methods. This the publishers allow you to do without cost or obligation through their "send no money" offer. But it is advisable to mail the coupon today because this unusual no-risk offer is liable to be withdrawn any moment.

Mail This Today—No Money Required

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

Send me Sanford Bennett's book—"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," and the current number of *Physical Culture* gratis. I will either return the book within five days after receipt and owe you nothing, or will send \$2.00 in payment for the book and a full year's subscription to *Physical Culture*.

Mail to: Physical Culture Publishing Co.
2102 Flatiron Bldg., New York City



Sanford Bennett at 50



Sanford Bennett at 74



Official Bulletins

On the Condition of the Navy

THE Navy passed a restless night, tossing about a great deal, with fitful snatches of sleep. Towards morning, however, it seemed more reposeful. The result is still in doubt.

DANIELS, FORD.

The Navy is still alive, with slightly accelerated pulse. Temperature up one degree from yesterday's chart. Takes scarcely any nourishment. May live for days.

FORD, DANIELS.

This morning the Navy rallied perceptibly and was able to assimilate a couple of new siege guns and a submarine. Gaining strength every hour. Temperature almost normal.

FORD, DANIELS.

Condition of Navy about the same. Applications of dreadnaughts recommended by outsiders. Not taken seriously.

DANIELS, FORD.

Navy worse. Fainting spells. Grape juice has been given freely. Patient still sinks.

FORD, DANIELS.

Navy passed away at 1 A. M. Several admirals tried to give their advice, but we kept them off. At last moment called in S. S. McClure, who said there was no hope. We done the best we could.

DANIELS, FORD.



"Don't be discouraged! Resinol Soap will improve your skin"

Many and many a girl has a clear, healthy complexion today because some friend came to her with this sound advice, based on her own experience.

Resinol Soap not only is delightfully cleansing and refreshing, but its daily use reduces the tendency to pimples, offsets many ill-effects of cosmetics, and gives

nature the chance she needs to make red rough skins white and soft.

Hands protected by Resinol Soap rarely chap or roughen in winter. Used for the shampoo, Resinol Soap helps keep the hair rich, glossy and free from dandruff.

If the skin or scalp is in bad shape, through neglect or improper treatment, a little Resinol Ointment should at first be used with the Resinol Soap, to hasten the return to normal conditions.

Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers in toilet goods everywhere. For a sample of each, free, write to Dept. 19-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



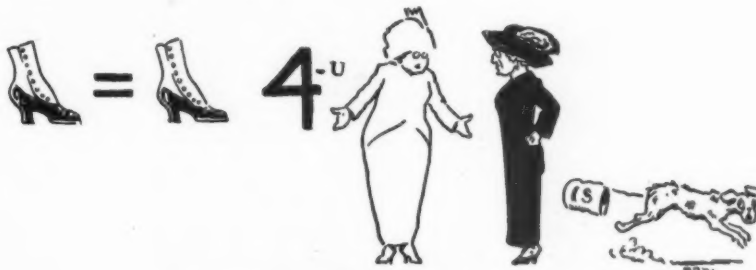
Resinol Shaving Stick also contains the Resinol medication. Discriminating men appreciate the way it soothes their faces and prevents most shaving discomforts. Trial on request.



"The pale cast of thought" is replaced by the ruddy cheeks of a vigorous physique in the modern school girl. Outdoor sports are as essential as indoor study.

The announcements of the best schools can be found in Scribner's Magazine every month. If detailed information is desired, address

Scribner's Magazine
School and College
Service Department
Scribner Building, Fifth Avenue
Room 712 - - New York



EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN IS BOUND TO OCCUR



Club Cocktails

No one on earth can mix two cocktails equally well by guesswork. The whole charm of a cocktail is in the smoothness that comes from accurate blending and aging. That is why Club Cocktails are always fine and smooth—mixed to measure—of the best liquors—then aged in wood.



Get your favorite kind at your dealer's
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROTHER
 SOLE PROPRIETORS
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CASCADE

PURE
WHISKY

MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT



It takes Nature ages to make a mellow landscape—it has taken Nature and age to make Cascade's mellowness.

*Original Bottling
has Old Gold Label*

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO.
 Distillers
 NASHVILLE, TENN.

9-L

How Old Man Curry's colors were carried in the big race is told in "The Redemption Handicap." Everyone who has read any of the other Chas. E. Van Loan stories about Old Man Curry will immediately be interested. His racehorses, you remember, were all named after the prophets—Elisha, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and so on. This new story of the famous Curry stable is even more amusing than some of its predecessors. Look for it in the February 5th issue of

Collier's ^{5¢ a copy}

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
 16 West 13th Street, New York City

The
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Books Received

The Fortunes of Garin, by Mary Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.40.)

The Life of John Hay, by William Roscoe Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin Co. Two volumes. \$5.00.)

Ivory Apes and Peacocks, by James Huneker. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

The High Priestess, by Robert Grant. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.)

Aunt Jane, by Jennette Lee. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Plashers Mead, by Compton Mackenzie. (Harper & Bros. \$1.35.)

Over Paradise Ridge, by Maria Thompson Daviess. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00.)

Beth Anne Herself, by Pemberton Githen. (Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.00.)

The Boomerang, by William Hamilton Osborne. (Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.35.)

The Political Economy of War, by F. W. Hirst. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.)

The Irish Abroad, by Elliot O'Donnell. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.)

Cupid's Capers, by Lillian Gardner. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.)

Katrinka, by Helen Eggleston Haskell. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.)

The New Russia, by Alan Lethbridge. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.)

The Law-Breakers, by Ridgwell Cullum. (Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.35.)

Masterpieces of Painting, by Louise Rogers Jewett. (R. G. Badger & Co. Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

Mount Minsi Fairies, by Chas. K Meschter. (R. G. Badger & Co., Boston Mass. \$1.00.)

Dear Enemy, by Jean Webster. (Century Company. \$1.30.)

Hempfield, by David Grayson. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35.)



The Perfect Dress Tie

The Tie With The Button-On Tabs

is the *only* tie that knows its place and keeps it. It is *one and indivisible* with your front collar button, unless you *deliberately* undo it.

Fashion decrees the *poke collar* with evening dress this season. Smartness decrees the "Perfect Dress Tie."

Sold in the Best Shops
White or Black
50 Cents and Better

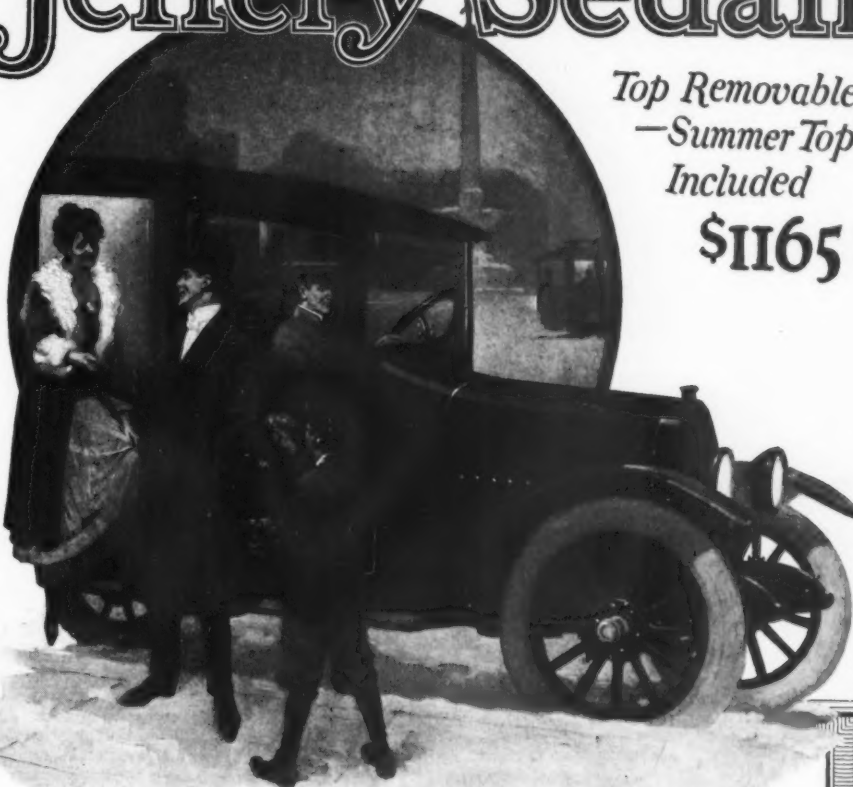
Look for the name, "The Perfect Tie," on each neckband, and don't be misled.

KEYS & LOCKWOOD
New York



The Jeffery Sedan

Top Removable
—Summer Top
Included
\$1165



Q The Jeffery Sedan is a custom-made coach in every sense of the word. **Q** Each top is tailored individually in the Jeffery plant for the particular body it adorns —eliminating all unsightly bolts, flaps and buttons and absolutely safeguarding against squeaking and rattling; offering for the first time all the quality, beauty and comfort usually associated with enclosed cars costing \$2000 to \$5000—at a price but little more than \$1000. **Q** Thousands of people who never before considered a closed car are buying the Jeffery Sedan for year-round use. **Q** The change from Sedan to Touring Car can be made easily and quickly. **Q** There is already a shortage—orders must be placed immediately to insure early delivery.

STANDARD SEVEN-PASSENGER, \$1035; without Auxiliary Seats, \$1000 - THREE-PASSENGER ROADSTER, \$1000



Prices F.O.B.
Kenosha, Wisconsin

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Works · Kenosha, Wisconsin

Illustrated booklet
on request



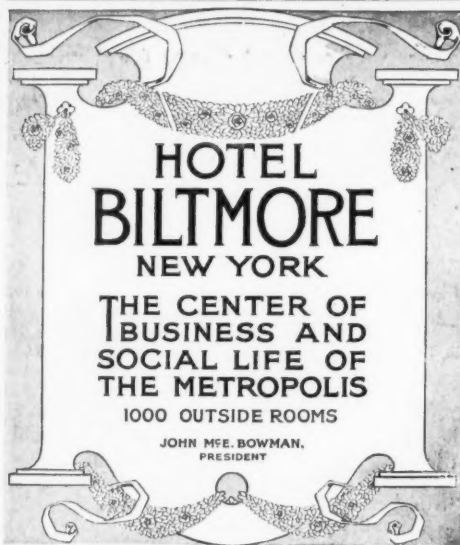
Bellicose

A PLAINTIVE correspondent at Loon Lake who finds LIFE too warlike says one would think after reading it that the United States were in the war.

They *are* in the war. Every soul on earth is in the war, some more actively than others, but all in. Periodicals that try to keep out are merely emulating the prudence of the ostrich.

As to Pensions

EX-PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard opposes old age pensions, and he does well to do so. The time when men really need money the most is when they are young, trying to practice without clients, pursue medicine without patients, and do business without customers. Wherefore here's to pensions for the youngsters who need capital to get them started.



HOTEL BILTMORE
NEW YORK

THE CENTER OF
BUSINESS AND
SOCIAL LIFE OF
THE METROPOLIS

1000 OUTSIDE ROOMS

JOHN MEE BOWMAN,
PRESIDENT

On Saint Valentine's Eve

TO-NIGHT how white are all the hills,

But bright the love-star burns;
To-night how still are all the rills,
Hushed in their icy urns!
Yet there's a stir in fern and fir,
Though shrill the wolf-winds whine;
How can the violet forget
Saint Valentine!

How can the blood within the briar
But throb and thrill and leap?
How can the pulse of maple-fire
But quicken in its sleep?
How in the mould can cowslip-gold
But hail him for a sign,—
Sign of the rapturing of Spring,
Saint Valentine!

Clinton Scollard.

"Just my luck! Sez 'e can't go to
the front because 'e's a married man."
—London Opinion.

Become an EXPERT ACCOUNTANT!

Thousands now needed by railroads, big corporations and other firms at \$3,000 To \$10,000 Yearly with excellent prospects of advancement and a future of independence and prosperity. Unlimited opportunities await you if you prepare now.

We Train You By MAIL at home, in your spare time, no matter what you work at now. It is not necessary that you already understand bookkeeping. We have a course in Higher Accountancy that prepares you from the ground up. Prepared by noted experts—under direct supervision of Wm. Arthur Chase, ex-Pres., Am. Assn. C. P. A. Examiners and ex-Sec'y, Ill. Board of Examiners. Prepares you to pass C. P. A. examinations in any state.

Special Reduced Rate Write now for facts about how to secure for a limited time, special reduced rate scholarship. **We Make Terms to Suit You.** If after completion of course you are not satisfied we agree to refund entire amount paid.

Money-Back Guarantee now for wonderful free book explaining salaries, positions to be had, etc., and proof that we can help you to success as we are helping thousands of LaSalle students. Prepare for these big positions now.

WRITE LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 253-H Chicago, Ill.

Jump Into This Big Job!

Queries

WHY did the same Legislature that wished to condemn the little children of New York to twelve hours a day in the canneries also prohibit baseball on Sunday? Can any sociologist, entomologist, biologist, psychologist, etymologist, zoölogist or apologist explain it? Does it necessarily follow that a Legislature which is in favor of unhealthful child labor on week days should also be opposed to healthful sports on Sunday? Or is it merely an accidental concatenation of legislative manifestations?

WHO can tell the proper future of our public debts? Does civilization require that we go on and on, ever increasing our municipal, state and national obligations, or will there come a time when progress will require that we turn back and do a little liquidating?



"Do you love a beautiful woman?"

Are You in Love?

WHAT a silly question! Of course you are. Everybody is. With men it's a fad. With women it's a regular life job. Falling in love is the oldest of the recognized indoor sports. How old is it? Well, a wise old Buddhist, who sat all day with his legs and fingers crossed—said that it was older than the hills—older than man. He said that the big lizards used to feel it—also the sponges and the little invertebrate worms.

And the greatest love of all—greatest because the most frequent, the most obstinate, and most ineradicable—is the love of SELF. This is a truly wonderful love, because it never wavers, never changes, never dies. And then, look how cheap it is! If you happen to love a beautiful lady, it immediately runs into theatre-tickets, taxis, bon-bons, suppers, night-letters, gardenias. But if you love no one but yourself you are saving money, every day—every hour.

Whom Do You Love?

RATHER a hard question to answer, that. Hard because folks love so many different kinds of people and things. But most people (no matter how mean and selfish and nasty they are) love some one. Some men love a blond and blushing debutante with long curly locks. Some women love a brunette artist, writer, or musician, with a pale, porcelain brow and a black, tawny mane. Some folks—nearly all of us in fact—love a smiling old lady, with white hair, a wrinkled forehead and a pair of funny gold spectacles. Some love a wild boy at college; some love a dark little girl at boarding school—while some misguided people spend all the wealth and bounty of their love on a mere motor-car, a stuffy club, a picture gallery, an inbred dog, a gloomy library, or a silly bag of golf clubs.



"It works well with young girls."

A Potion for Love

THE sordid part of love lies in the way that folks try to bribe it. They know that men and women are human—that their love can be bought—or commanded—with gifts. Now here is the greatest wonder of all—a thing more miraculous than love itself. It is that there is one thing that will pry love out of anybody. A sort of universal, modern love potion. It is really twelve things in one. It should be administered along about the first of every month. It never fails its wonders to perform. It works just as well with young girls as with mature women; with college boys as with grown up married men. It works with debutantes, artists, writers, old ladies (with those gold spectacles, through which there gleams that saintly look so peculiar to mothers) motor cranks, dog fanciers, book-worms, plethoric club-men, futurist picture buyers, and even with the most hopeless golf perverts. But, (and here is another miracle) it also works with the vast and swarming army of people who love nobody but themselves. Indeed, it teaches them to love new Gods, to be untrue to themselves: to love Gods that are really worth loving.



"A little dark girl at school"

Are You a Lover?

IF you are, and if you aren't ashamed of it, why don't you get into step with this spirit; remove two of your favorite dollars from your little roll, and give the object of your affections (even if it's yourself) this modern love-potion. Send along those two miserable dollars of yours to 443 Fourth Avenue, New York, and secure Vanity Fair for her, or for him—or for your selfish self—for the rest of 1916.

P. S.—For the few benighted souls who may still be lingering in outer darkness, let us say:

Vanity Fair is one of the newest successes in the magazine field. It is published monthly at 25 cents a copy or \$3 a year. It is a mirror of life, original and picturesque; informal, personal, intimate, frivolous, unconventional, but with a point of view at once wholesome, stimulating and refreshing.

Take the cream of your favorite magazines of the theater, sports, books and art. Add the sprightly qualities of such publications as The Sketch, The Tatler and La Vie Parisienne with something of Broadway and Fifth Avenue—all within beautiful color covers—and you have a general idea of Vanity Fair.

Tear off the Coupon!

VANITY FAIR, 443 Fourth Avenue New York City
Please send my subscription to VANITY FAIR for the year of 1916, beginning with the current issue, at the special rate of \$3.00. I will send you my favorite two dollar bill, and use the current issue at once. I will send you my favorite two dollar bill, and use the current issue at once. I will send you my favorite two dollar bill, and use the current issue at once.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....
Life.....

The Phonograph of Today



AEOLIAN-VOCALION
Art Style R

\$1500

"Sheraton"—Mahogany
with Satinwood Inlay or
Satinwood, Hand-painted

THE phonograph of today is a beautiful instrument—beautiful to look at and beautiful to hear. Its fine lines, its delicate proportions, its rich case-woods, no longer reflect the conventional art of the cabinet maker. Instead, it is the unmistakable production of the artist and the atelier.

Its tone is no longer typical of the phonograph. Gone is the effect of stridency hitherto apparently inseparable from that instrument. Instead, this great, new phonograph holds a mirror to nature itself. Natural tones—vocal and instrumental—come from it, now rich and

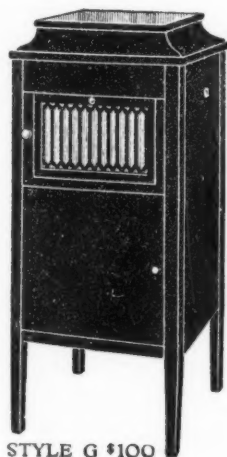
deep and strong, now soft and sweet and infinitely delicate.

And above all, the phonograph of today is no longer simply a machine of stereotyped performance. Instead it has become an instrument of personal musical expression. Playing automatically like other phonographs when desired, it offers in addition, the priceless privilege of *self-expression in music* which only those who play, or sing, have hitherto enjoyed.

The name of the "Phonograph of Today," which is now available to everyone, both those of modest means as well as those of wealth, is the

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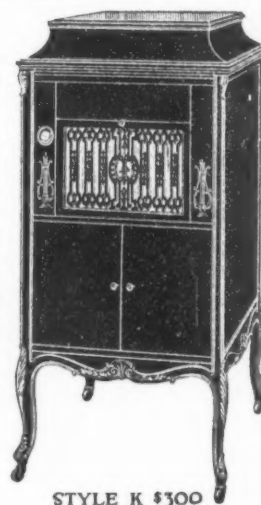
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The Aeolian-Vocalion is on exhibition and sale at the present only in a limited number of the leading music stores. Catalog and address of nearest store will be sent upon request; also particulars as to arrangements for hearing the Aeolian-Vocalion in localities where it is not represented. Address Dept. B2.

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